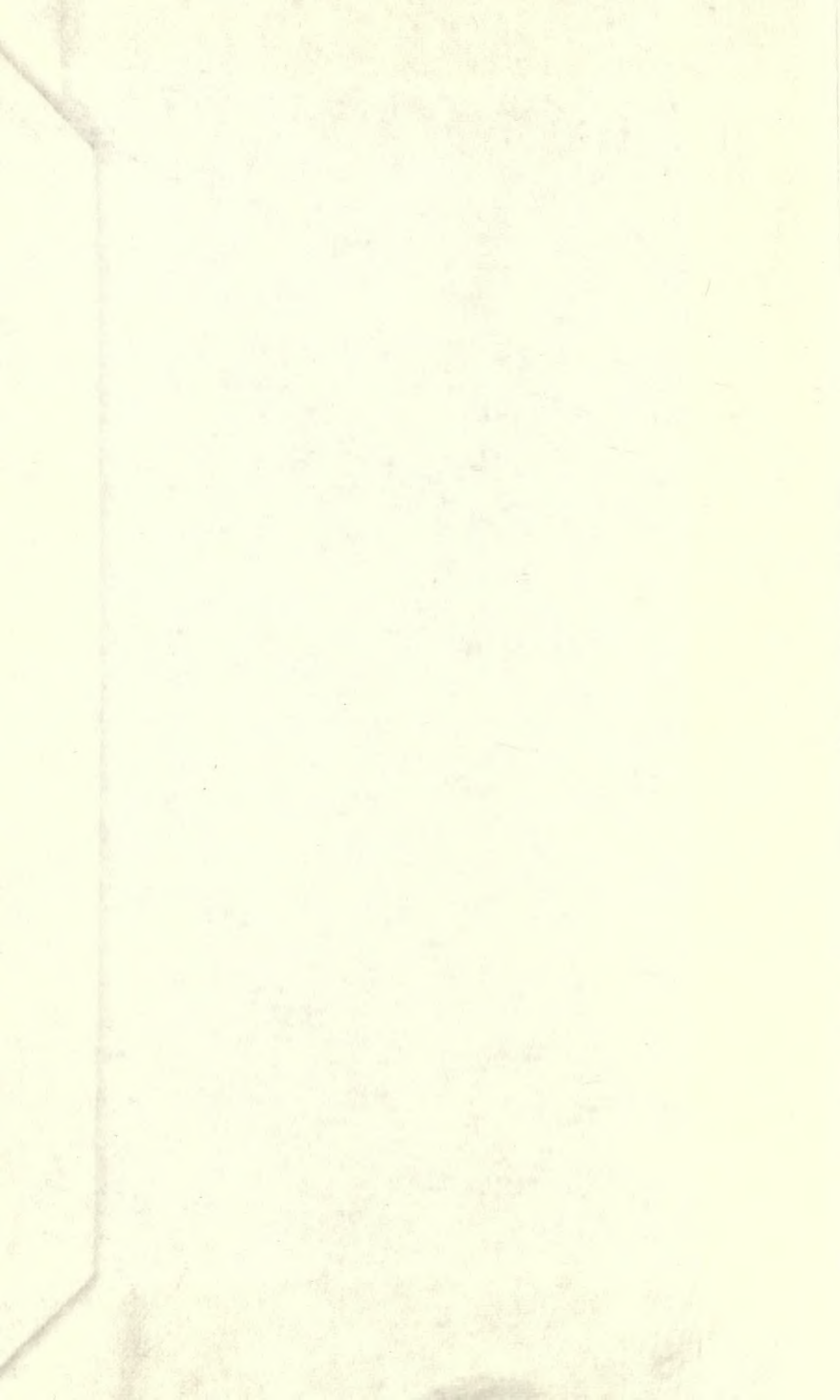




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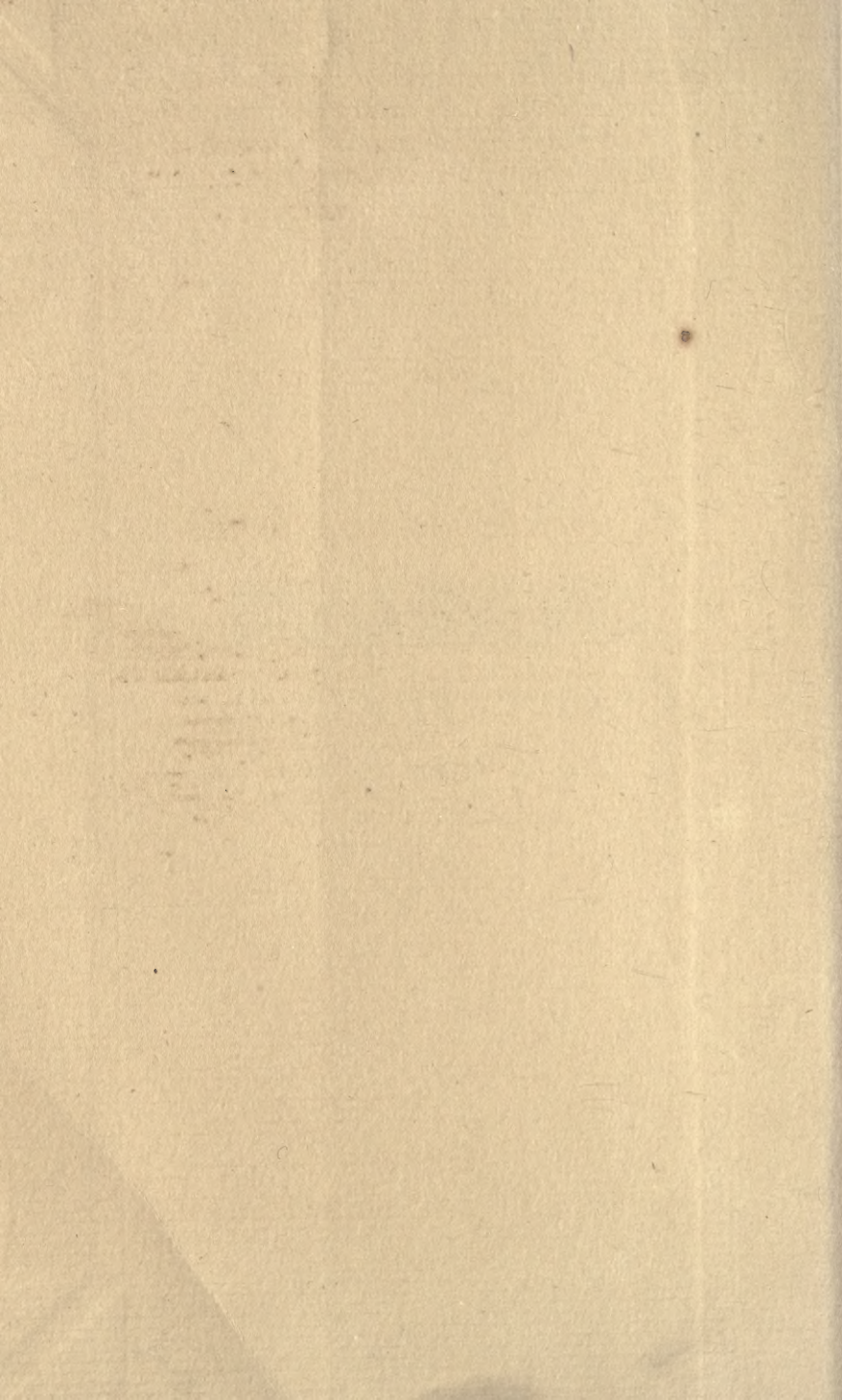


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CHANCE, THE IDOL.







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# CHANCE, THE IDOL

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

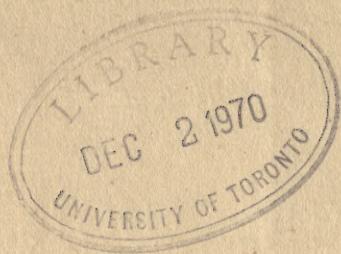
AUTHOR OF

“THE LIARS,” “MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL,” “THE TEMPTER,”  
“THE CRUSADERS,” “JUDAH,” “THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS  
SUSAN,” “THE DANCING GIRL,” “THE MIDDLEMAN,”  
“THE ROGUE’S COMEDY,” “THE TRIUMPH OF THE  
PHILISTINES,” “THE MASQUERADERS,” “THE  
MANŒUVRES OF JANE,” “CARNAC SAHIB,”  
“THE GOAL,” “MRS. DANE’S DE-  
FENCE,” “THE LACKEY’S CAR-  
NIVAL,” “THE PRIN-  
CESS’S NOSE,”  
ETC.

LONDON

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1902



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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYRIL RYVES.  
ALAN LEVERSAGE.  
MR. FARNDON.  
FATHER RAYMOND.  
MR. HORACE NOWELL.  
HARRY GOLDING.  
DR. HARFORD.  
FRANÇOIS (a waiter).  
Maître d'Hôtel at Café Veyron.  
Turk attendant.

ELLEN FARNDON.  
LADY MARY NOWELL.  
DOUCE KENNETT.  
SYLVIA DENT.  
MADAME ESPERANZO, a fortune-teller.  
MADAME MARIGNY, a dressmaker.  
Attendants on Madame Esperanzo.  
Assistant to Madame Marigny.

*Guests, Singers, Attendants.*



*(The scene is laid at Monte Carlo in the present day.)*

ACT I.

MR. HORACE NOWELL'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE PALACE  
HOTEL. NIGHT.

*[Ten days pass.]*

ACT II.

GARDEN OF THE CAFÉ VEYRON NEAR MONTE CARLO.  
SUNDAY MORNING.

*[A month passes.]*

ACT III.

PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM (QUARANTE-CINQUE) IN THE  
PALACE HOTEL. NIGHT.

*[Three weeks pass.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE—THE SAME.







## ACT I.

SCENE: MR. HORACE NOWELL'S *private sitting-room, Casino Palace Hotel, Monte Carlo.* A handsomely furnished room, with large windows at back opening upon a garden with palms and tropical plants. A door up stage, right. A door, left, centre. Fireplace down stage, right. Sofa down stage, right. A table, left centre. A table against the wall down stage, left. On the centre table coffee cups, liqueur glasses, cigars and cigarettes, etc.

TIME: *An evening in early February, after dinner. Moonlight on the garden outside.*

Discover LADY MARY NOWELL, HORACE NOWELL, CYRIL RYVES and SYLVIA DENT, in evening dress, finishing coffee. LADY MARY is a kind, soft-voiced lady from forty-five to fifty. She is standing at window with back to audience looking into the garden. HORACE NOWELL, LADY MARY'S husband, is seated at centre table smoking. SYLVIA DENT, a handsome girl of twenty-five, is seated at table, left, reading a French novel. CYRIL RYVES is lying on the sofa, right, reading. He is about thirty-five; dark, pale, thin; a handsome, worn, intellectual face; bright piercing eyes.

*Mr. N. [Yawning.]*



HO'S going down to the rooms? Cyril?

*Ryves.* By-and-by. A quarter of an hour will be enough to lose my ten francs.

*Mr. N.* What are you going to do, Mary?

*Lady M. [Still looking off, at window.]* We shall look in at the concert. *[Looking into garden.]* There's that girl again.

*Mr. N.* What girl?

*Lady M.* The girl who came up to us in the gardens this afternoon. She looked as if she were going to speak to us; then she suddenly changed her mind, begged our pardon and walked away.

*Sylvia.* I think you're mistaken, Lady Mary; I believe she was going to speak to Mr. Leversage, and when she saw we were with him she passed it off.

*Lady M. [Looking off.]* There! She has gone by again.

*Mr. N. [With a warning glance at LADY MARY.]* Mary, hadn't you better close the window? It's getting draughty.

*Lady M.* She's looking in, I'm sure.

*Ryves.* I beg to remark that this room being lighted, any occupants of it who are watching a person outside are placed at an immense disadvantage compared with that person outside, who may possibly be watching them.

*Lady M. [Looking off.]* She's coming into the garden. She's going into the hotel.

*Mr. N.* Mary! I'm beginning to shiver——

*Lady M. [Closes the window.]* Where is Alan? Has any one seen him?

*Mr. N.* He was losing very heavily before dinner.

*Lady M.* Hadn't you better go down to him?

*Mr. N.* My dear, what can I do?

*Lady M.* Try and dissuade him. Really, with Alan and Douce, I feel like a good-natured hen with two



headstrong ducklings that will go into the water ; while I can only stay on the brink and cluck.

*Mr. N.* Surely you haven't allowed Douce to go into the rooms ?

*Lady M.* No. But her mother sent me a ten-pound note for her, and she has been begging me for a louis just to try her luck.

*Mr. N.* But you gave her a louis before dinner——

*Lady M.* That was for a new parasol.

*Enter FRANÇOIS, door, left.*

*François.* There is an English lady in the hall. She ask for Mr. Leversage——

*[A significant glance exchanged between MR. NOWELL and LADY MARY.]*

*Mr. N.* He's not here. Ask the lady to leave her name in the bureau.

*François.* Bien, m'sieu. *[Exit.]*

*Lady M.* Horace, you might see if it's anyone we know—and if there is any message.

*Mr. N.* Very well, dear. *[Exit, left.]*

*Lady M.* Sylvia, you left your cloak in my room—shall we go down to the concert ?

*Sylvia.* I suppose it's nearly time.

*[Crossing to door, right.]*

*Lady M.* I think we'll all get away from Monte Carlo next week, shall we ?

*Sylvia.* Oh no, I very much prefer to stay, if you please, Lady Mary.

*[Exit, right. LADY MARY is going after her, stops at door, closes it, comes down to RYVES, who is still lying on sofa.]*

*Lady M.* Cyril, I'm afraid Alan has lost a great deal.

*Ryves.* I'm sure he has.

*Lady M.* I'm getting very anxious about him.

*Ryves.* That's a dead waste of valuable anxiety, which might be much more usefully squandered on some deserving object.

*Lady M.* Oh, but I'm a sort of guardian to Alan. You know my poor sister when she was dying left him to my care, and made me promise to look after him. Why are you smiling?

*Ryves.* What a stupid, selfish, inconsiderate lot deathbed relations are. When did your sister die?

*Lady M.* Four years ago.

*Ryves.* At that time Alan was twenty-three. His character and habits were already formed. He was a weak, mediocre, inglorious muddler at Eton; he continued to be a weak, mediocre, inglorious muddler at Oxford. He comes into his fortune, and ingloriously muddles away a year or two in the service. Your sister is sufficient judge of character to see that he will ingloriously muddle everything to the end of his days. Perceiving this, she falls into the foolish sentimental habit of deathbed people and confides her precious boy to your care. You haven't the least control over him. All you can do is to watch him ingloriously muddling down the primrose path; and when he gets to the bottom, you'll reproach your kind, dear self for not having worked a miracle on his poor flabby nature, and pulled him up somewhere halfway down the slope. Really, deathbeds only come once to any of us; and when they do come we ought to make a better use of them than to saddle our friends with our follies and mistakes and failures.

*Lady M.* I don't like you to talk like this, Cyril. You must own there is some good in Alan.

*Ryves.* Certainly. He hasn't character enough to be utterly bad.

*Lady M.* I think Sylvia cares for him.

*Ryves.* Yes—in her way.

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Ryves.* Miss Dent is rich, and her nature is hard and cold and shallow. She'll never really care for anyone.

*Lady M.* It would be a good match for Alan, don't you think?

*Ryves.* Her money is thoroughly tied up on her?

*Lady M.* Oh yes. Mr. Dent was most careful about that.

*Ryves.* What would her people say to it?

*Lady M.* Her mother sent her out here with me in the hope that it would all be arranged before we came back. You might help me, Cyril.

*Ryves.* How?

*Lady M.* Try to get Alan away from Monte Carlo.

*Ryves.* [*Shakes his head.*] He'd only come back. Gambling is a kind of fever in the blood; it's like drink, or sensuality. When it really gets hold of anyone, the kindest and wisest way is to let them go comfortably to perdition.

*Lady M.* But you've had so much experience at the tables—couldn't you advise him?

*Ryves.* [*Laughs.*] This afternoon he lost two hundred louis. When facts are thundering at fools, and they can't hear, I'm not going to waste my breath on them.

*Lady M.* But you gamble yourself?

*Ryves.* I gamble, but I'm not a gambler. I'm a sound arithmetician, and I know if I play high enough and long enough, that small percentage in favour of the bank will tell as surely as gravitation, and I shall one day leave those rooms a ruined man. So I never lose more than ten francs a day. I like my little gamble. It helps me to forget this cursed stroke——

[*He rises as he speaks, and shows that one leg is paralyzed and shrunk; he takes up a stick which has been lying behind him on the sofa.*]

*Lady M.* That's the first word of anything like a complaint that I've heard from you.

*Ryves.* [*Goes up to window and looks off.*] It shall be the last.

*Lady M.* [*Goes to door, left, and opens it, looking*



*off, closing door.*] I wonder who this young woman is that has called to see Alan? He hasn't mentioned any—any entanglement?

*Ryves.* No. But—marry him straight off to Miss Dent; it can't do either of them much harm; and then—wash your hands of him and leave off trying to play Providence in a world where Providence itself hasn't made a great success in the rôle.

*Lady M.* Perhaps you're right. [*Goes to door, right.*] Where is that naughty Douce? [*Exit door, right.*

DOUCE KENNET, *a bright, impulsive girl of seventeen, in evening dress, comes out from behind the window curtains.*

*Douce.* Here she is, Aunt Mary.

*Ryves.* How long have you been behind those curtains?

*Douce.* Four seconds.

*Ryves.* You've not heard——?

*Douce.* Nothing that a young lady of seventeen shouldn't. Honour! [*Listening at door, right, then comes down to him.*] Mr. Ryves——

*Ryves.* Well?

*Douce.* Will you give me a little advice?

*Ryves.* Speak the truth always; leave off using powder that will destroy your natural complexion; dress more plainly and neatly; cultivate a more modest opinion of your looks and your abilities; show some little respect to your elders, especially to Lady Mary; control your silly self-willed temper; spend at least one hour of the day in study, and one hour more in some useful occupation; pay your dress-maker's bills punctually; and generally fit yourself to become a sensible wife and mother by-and-by, providing you can find any man foolish enough to saddle himself with you.

*Douce.* Thank you, very much. If you'll kindly

write it all down, and a few dozen other things that will make me a stuck-up, unbearable prig, I'll attend to them all to-morrow. But to-night—[*Listens at door, right, a moment, then comes down to him*] I'm going to play!

*Ryves.* Nonsense.

*Douce.* Don't tell on me! I trust you. Do you know where Sylvia and I went this afternoon? We went to Nice to consult this wonderful woman that everybody is raving about, Madame Esperanzo——

*Ryves.* How much did she get out of you?

*Douce.* She gave us each a special séance.

*Ryves.* How much?

*Douce.* Her regular terms for a special séance are five louis; but the moment she saw me she took an extraordinary interest in me; and as Sylvia had only seven louis with her, she said she felt she must give me a special séance for the remaining two.

*Ryves.* It was very mean of you to take advantage of this good lady's powers of prophecy for a mere pourboire of two louis.

*Douce.* I hate men like you who sneer at everything and believe in nothing! But you can't get over facts!

*Ryves.* I never will try! Give me a few!

*Douce.* Madame Esperanzo begged Signora Farinotto not to play; and the Signora did.

*Ryves.* What happened?

*Douce.* She lost three thousand louis. She told Mrs. Sutfield to stake a little, and Mrs. Sutfield did, and won heavily. She warned Lady Markdale that some fatal accident would befall a member of her family; and in less than a week her aunt was drowned, and her cousin tried to cut his throat.

*Ryves.* She ought to have warned Lady Markdale that two accidents, or rather an accident and a half, would befall members of her family. Where did you have this séance?

*Douce.* At her villa at Nice—a splendid villa, mag-

nificently furnished. She wouldn't be able to keep up a villa like that if she were an impostor.

*Ryves.* What took place?

*Douce.* We were shown in, and kept waiting in a rather dark room, with the loveliest incense burning; and there was a curious, faint little strum-strum-tickle-tickle of music every minute or so; and after a time a weird, dried-up old Turkish patriarch showed us into a quite dark room. Well, we sat down, awfully frightened, both of us. Dead silence. After a long time we heard a low measured voice that seemed to come from a great distance; then it became a little lighter, and we gradually saw Madame's face, and she spoke again.

*Ryves.* What did she say?

*Douce.* She told Sylvia on no account to play all this season. She told me to risk five louis and to leave off the moment I lost them.

*Ryves.* Very sensible advice. I'd have given it to you for half the money.

*Douce.* Of course! Sneer! Sneer! Sneer! But I've been down to the rooms, and I told them I was twenty-four, so I've got a card of admission and I want you to advise me—tell me a number, quick—anything that comes into your head—how old are you?

*Ryves.* Thirty-five.

*Douce.* Thirty-five. I'll stake on that!

*Re-enter SYLVIA, right, in evening cloak; she leaves the door open; DOUCE rushes up to it, closes it softly.*

*Douce.* Sylvia, I'm going to play. You'll keep Aunt Mary at the concert, won't you?

*Sylvia.* Douce, I'd rather you didn't go.

*Ryves.* Oh, let her learn her lesson.

*Sylvia.* You won't lose much, Douce?

*Douce.* I've only got a louis. I couldn't lift any



more out of Aunt Mary, and then I had to say it was for a parasol. [*Listens at door, right.*] Hush!

[*Goes off swiftly and stealthily at window.*]

LADY MARY *enters right in evening cloak.*

*Lady M.* I thought I heard Douce's voice. Where is she?

*Sylvia.* She said something about buying a parasol——

*Lady M.* I really can't allow her to go about alone in the evening.

*Enter MR. NOWELL, left, looking grave.*

*Lady M.* Did you see the visitor?

*Mr. N.* Yes——

*Lady M.* Nothing important?

*Mr. N.* No.

[*Sits, and takes up paper, watches SYLVIA, makes a sign to LADY MARY to get rid of her. RYVES sees this sign.*]

*Lady M.* Cyril, I must wait here for that naughty Douce. Would you mind seeing Sylvia across to the concert, and I'll come on?

*Ryves.* By all means. Come along, Miss Dent, I can't offer you an arm, because I have to give it to this old friend.

[*Meaning his stick. Exeunt SYLVIA and RYVES at window.*]

*Lady M.* [*Watches them off.*] Well, did you see Alan's visitor?

*Mr. N.* Yes——

[*Draws out a letter from his breast pocket.*]

*Lady M.* What's that?

*Mr. N.* A letter she gave me for Alan.

LADY MARY *takes letter.*

*Lady M.* Who is she?

*Mr. N.* Her name's Farndon. She's the daughter of a bank clerk at Exeter.

*Lady M.* Exeter? Alan's regiment was quartered there—what is she doing in Monte Carlo?

*Mr. N.* She has come to see Alan.

*Lady M.* Alone?

*Mr. N.* No. Her father is with her.

*Lady M.* What does she want?

*Mr. N.* She wouldn't tell me. All I could get from her was that she must see him. So I persuaded her to go into the salon de lecture and write that note.

*Lady M.* Is she a lady?

*Mr. N.* Technically, perhaps not. But she spoke simply and naturally, and is quietly dressed. She said she had been employed as amanuensis to some institution in Exeter.

*Lady M.* Horace, I hope——

*Enter, left, ALAN LEVERSAGE in evening dress; a good-looking young Englishman of twenty-seven; his features are a little weak and effeminate, and his voice and manner irresolute; he has the air of one who is habitually unfortunate and ill-used by the world; and he appeals for universal sympathy on that account.*

*Alan.* Just my confounded luck again! Red had been turning up all the evening, and the moment I plank on it, of course up comes black, black, black—ten times running. I wouldn't mind if there was something like a fair average when I play; that's all I ask, a fair average!

[*LADY MARY has retained the letter; she now passes it to MR. NOWELL, who takes it and gives it to ALAN.*]

*Alan.* [*Shows a little unwelcome surprise.*] When did this come?

*Mr. N.* Some lady left it for you ten minutes ago.

*Alan.* [*A little alarmed.*] She's not staying in this hotel?

*Mr. N.* No. She's going to call again for an answer.

[*ALAN has opened letter and reads; having read he crushes it into his pocket, and walks up and down the room with evident annoyance. They watch him.*

*Lady M.* Alan!

*Alan.* Well?

*Lady M.* I hope nothing has happened, or will happen, to destroy my hopes for you and Sylvia.

*Alan.* [*Takes another puzzled and irresolute turn or two about the room, then seats himself again.*] You may as well know all, Aunt Mary. You've always been a dear, good friend to me, and [*to MR. NOWELL*] so have you. And I really believe I should have repaid your kindness, if I'd had anything like ordinary average luck.

*Lady M.* Go on.

*Alan.* Well, to cut it short—I'm ruined!

*Lady M.* Alan!

*Mr. N.* What do you mean—ruined?

*Alan.* I backed the Dancing Barber at Goodwood—and got out of my depth; then I plunged on Feather-my-nest for the Leger, and came a downright clinking cropper. Well, I bore up as well as I could, and I determined to make one last struggle. I scraped together every farthing I could lay my hands on, borrowed from all my chums, and came out here. And my luck! Awful isn't the word—there's no word in any language that would describe my luck. I don't quite know how I stand, but at the best, I'm five or six thousand pounds to the bad.

*Mr. N.* What has that to do with this girl?

*Alan.* I'm coming to that. When I was quartered at Exeter, two years and a half ago, I formed an acquaintance. Aunt Mary, she's downright good, and though she isn't quite a lady—Lady? She's better than that. She's as true a woman as walks this earth and—I daresay you can guess.

*Lady M.* Tell me.

*Alan.* Of course I couldn't marry her. But I've done the right thing so far as was possible. I've sent her money and I've insured my life for the child——

*Lady M.* Child? Alan?!

*Alan.* Don't row me? I've suffered enough. Yes, row me as much as you please. I deserve it, but if I ever do get out of this infernal mess—[*Bursts into furious laughter.*] If I could only get one little bit of luck.

*Lady M.* [*Indicating letter.*] Does she ask for money?

*Alan.* No. I wrote her about six weeks ago, and sent her a little, and told her, that as I was up to my eyes in debt, she mustn't rely much upon me in the future. She wrote me a dear good letter of thanks, and I haven't heard from her since. I thought I'd tided over the affair. Well, this afternoon I caught sight of her in the gardens. She was coming up to speak to me, but when she saw you and Sylvia were with me she went off.

*Lady M.* And you didn't try to find out where she was staying?

*Alan.* No. I've got enough trouble already—why should I go out of my way to look for more? Where is she staying?

*Mr. N.* At the Hôtel de Normandie, a little second-rate place down in the Condamine.

*Lady M.* But why has she come to Monte Carlo?

*Alan.* Haven't the least idea.

*Lady M.* What does she say in her letter?

*Alan.* [*Giving letter.*] You can read it.

*Lady M.* [*Reading.*] "I have been out here two days trying to see you, and at last when I caught sight of you this afternoon you seemed to avoid me. Forgive my calling at your hotel. I must see you as soon as possible. I have come out here to try and help you"—What does she mean?

*Alan.* Heaven only knows. I suppose she's come



to offer me her sympathy—it will take a lot of sympathy to pull me out of this hole.

*Enter FRANÇOIS, door, left.*

*François.* The young English lady and an English m'sieu to see Mr. Leversage.

*Alan.* What had I better do?

*Mr. N.* [*Shrugs his shoulders.*] My dear Alan——

*Alan.* Will you and Aunt Mary stay and see her? You might be able to suggest something.

*Mr. N.* Show the lady and gentleman in.

[*Exit FRANÇOIS.*]

*Lady M.* Alan, I'm afraid we shall be putting ourselves in a false position——

*Alan.* How? You mix with all sorts of women at your rescue homes. And this is a real good woman. She has only one fault—she's far too fond of me.

*Enter FRANÇOIS, left.*

*François.* [*Announces.*] Mr. and Miss Farndon.

*Enter, left, ELLEN FARNDON, a quietly dressed young Englishwoman, with a pale face indicating recent suffering and sorrow. Her manner is quiet, modest, gentle and reserved. She shows a little surprise on seeing LADY MARY and MR. NOWELL. She is followed by her father, a man of about sixty; he is also very quietly dressed, and has the manners of a responsible bank clerk; also gives the impression of recent sorrow.*

[*Exit FRANÇOIS.*]

*Lady M.* Come in——

*Ellen.* [*Embarrassed.*] I'm very sorry—I didn't mean to intrude—my father has a little private business with Mr. Leversage——

*Alan.* [*Advancing to her.*] This is my aunt, Lady Mary Nowell [*introducing*], my uncle, Mr. Horace Nowell. I've told them all about our—ourselves.

[*ELLEN shows great shame—and stands helpless for a few seconds.*]

*Lady M.* I'm sorry, very sorry for you.

*Ellen.* [*Ashamed, embarrassed. To ALAN.*] I forgot—you haven't met my father.

*Alan.* No.

[*Bows to MR. FARNDON, who very stiffly returns his bow.*]

*Ellen.* I didn't expect to see anyone—I mean—  
[*To LADY MARY.*] May we ask for a few minutes with Mr. Leversage?

*Lady M.* Horace——

*Alan.* [*To ELLEN.*] Lady Mary knows all about my affairs. And she's the kindest woman in the world. You can trust her.

*Ellen.* But we wish to speak to you alone. You needn't be afraid. I haven't come to interfere with you in any way, or to—to—— It isn't about myself—I want to help you——

*Mr. F.* [*Who has stood looking at ALAN all the time and weighing him mentally.*] My daughter has suffered through you ~~in~~ the greatest shame and sorrow that——

*Ellen.* Father!

*Mr. F.* The greatest shame and sorrow that can befall a woman. But she is not here to bear malice. She has come to make a simple proposition—a business proposition if you choose to call it so——

*Ellen.* Father! You mustn't speak like this.

*Mr. F.* How should I speak? This is the first time I've had the honour of meeting this gentleman. I understand he is the gentleman who betrayed you under a promise of marriage——

*Ellen.* No! No! He didn't promise, or at least—if he did—it was my fault. I ought to have known. [*Changes her tone.*] It's foolish to talk like this. You promised to be quite calm.

*Mr. F.* [*A little calmer—to MR. NOWELL.*] I beg your pardon, sir—you'll understand——

*Mr. N.* Certainly, Mr. Farndon, I quite understand.

*Mr. F.* You see Mr. Leversage left Exeter before I was aware of his *friendship* with my family. [*With sudden bitterness.*] I think if I had betrayed and disgraced a man's daughter, and broken her mother's heart, I fancy—I don't know, but I think when I met the man I should have the grace to offer some little apology. [*ELLEN makes a movement to restrain him.*

*Alan.* [*To MR. FARNDON.*] I do. I humbly beg your pardon. I ask you and your daughter to forgive me. And if there is any possible reparation that I can make——

*Mr. F.* Will you marry her?

*Ellen.* Father——

*Alan.* I'm a ruined man——

*Mr. F.* Well, she 's a ruined woman. Will you marry her?

*Ellen.* Father, what is the use? And after your promise! I think you might be kind enough not to speak of these things before—[*Indicating LADY MARY and MR. NOWELL. To LADY MARY.*] I can't tell you how grieved I am—I didn't come here to make a disturbance—[*Breaks down; recovers her self-control.*] Father, I wish to speak to Mr. Leversage alone.

*Mr. F.* I'm sorry I gave way, but I—I——

*Mr. N.* Mr. Farndon, wouldn't it be better to leave your daughter with Mr. Leversage and Lady Mary while you and I have a little talk in the smoking-room. Come with me, will you? [*Going to door, left.*

*Ellen.* [*To MR. FARNDON.*] Yes, dear—wait for me. Please—Ah, don't make it harder for me.

*Mr. F.* Very well, my dear. If Mr. Leversage doesn't accept your proposal——

*Ellen.* Hush! Hush!

[*MR. NOWELL takes him off, left.*

*Ellen.* [*To LADY MARY.*] I'm so sorry to give you all this trouble—[*Breaks down a little.*] I don't know what you'll think of me——

*Lady M.* I feel very deeply for you. Is there anything I can do?

*Ellen.* Will you please let me speak to Mr. Leverage alone?

*Lady M.* Certainly. I've some young people staying with me. I'll look out for them so that they won't come in here. [*Putting on her cloak, which she has taken off.*] If I can be of any use you'll find me in the garden outside.

*Ellen.* Thank you.

[*Exit LADY MARY at window. ALAN has been sitting sulky and downcast in chair near centre table. ELLEN moves gently up to him from behind.*]

*Ellen.* Say you're not angry with me for coming.

*Alan.* No. But as my beastly luck would have it, you couldn't possibly have come at a worse moment. [*A little pause.*]

*Ellen.* You don't ask after——

*Alan.* How is he?

*Ellen.* Very well—very well and happy.

*Alan.* I'm glad the little beggar's all right. You may be sure I shall do my duty to him and to you, so far as my cursed luck will let me.

*Ellen.* Alan, it has been terrible—I haven't told you a tenth part in my letters. I didn't want to bother you. But I have suffered. I couldn't go through it again and live. But after all, when I look at Alan, I wouldn't go back, no, I wouldn't go back and be good if I had to lose him.

*Alan.* [*Looks at her in admiration.*] You are a brick, Nell. I wish I deserved you.

*Ellen.* But, Alan—I want——

*Alan.* What?

*Ellen.* You remember Father Raymond?

*Alan.* The Catholic priest at Exeter?

*Ellen.* Yes—you don't know how kind he was to me all that dreadful time. I couldn't tell anyone; I couldn't go to my own people or to my own religion for comfort. I shall never be able to repay him.



*Alan.* Wish I could do something for him. I will, if ever my luck changes.

*Ellen.* I believe he is out here now.

*Alan.* In Monte Carlo?

*Ellen.* Somewhere in the South of France. It was he who advised me to come here.

*Alan.* Why?

*Ellen.* To see you. I didn't write about this. I felt I must explain it to you myself.

*Alan.* What?

*Ellen.* When you wrote you said you were terribly in debt. Is that so now?

*Alan.* [*Laughs.*] Yes, only a jolly sight worse.

*Ellen.* That's why I've come to you. [*ALAN looks at her inquiringly.*] I've come into a little fortune.

*Alan.* [*Startled.*] Fortune?

*Ellen.* You know I told you my mother's brother was very well off in Melbourne. He has died and has left his money between all his nephews and nieces. I've come into about two thousand pounds.

*Alan.* By Jove, I am glad. That will set you up a bit.

*Ellen.* Yes. I thought——

*Alan.* What?

*Ellen.* Since my mother has known of——

*Alan.* Yes?

*Ellen.* It was a fearful blow to her. She was very ill for weeks; and since she has been about again she seems so strange and sad, like a ghost. I can see she is always thinking of it; I think, I'm afraid, she's dying—oh! what a selfish wretch I've been to them—Alan, I believe it will break her heart, and then all my life I shall have to think that it was I who killed her.

*Alan.* You're right. We have been selfish wretches; I wish we could undo it all.

*Ellen.* Do you? I thought—perhaps——

*Alan.* Yes?

*Ellen.* Your debts, you know. If you would let me pay them——

*Alan.* Take your money! I'm not quite such a skunk as that! [*A little pause.*]

*Ellen.* You don't understand. I thought if my money paid your debts, perhaps you might—[*Looks at him—then drops her eyes and speaks in a slow, ashamed voice.*] Alan, if my mother knew that I was married, she would get well again.

*Alan.* I see—

*Ellen.* You're angry with me?

*Alan.* No. But it's quite impossible. Two thousand pounds wouldn't nearly pay what I owe.

*Ellen.* Perhaps we could earn the rest. If we paid off the worst to start with, and then worked, and worked—

*Alan.* Hard work won't do it, my dear; at least, not such hard work as we could do.

*Ellen.* The estate isn't quite wound up yet. The lawyers paid me eighteen hundred pounds, and they say there's something more to come. I've brought the eighteen hundred pounds with me. You're welcome—[*She nearly breaks down.*] Won't you take it?

*Alan.* What would be the use? I should only beggar you and not clear myself.

*Ellen.* How much would really pay your debts?

*Alan.* Say six thousand pounds.

*Ellen.* My uncle was thought to be very rich. If the estate should turn out to be much more valuable than the lawyers say—you wouldn't refuse then to take it?

*Alan.* My dear girl, you may be sure the estate won't turn out to be three or four times as much as the lawyers estimate. [*Her face falls.*] I'm awfully sorry for your sake—and you've come all this way in the hope—it's hard lines on you. By Jove, Nell, if I were worth having, and there was only myself to think of, I'd marry you to-morrow.

*Ellen.* [*Eagerly.*] Would you? Would you?

*Alan.* I would indeed.

*Ellen.* You mean that?

*Alan.* Of course I do—if I were free from debt. But in my present position it would be madness. You must see the thing is impossible.

*Ellen.* [*In quiet despair.*] Yes, I see it is impossible.

*Alan.* But you're a plucky, sensible girl—and you'll pull through—somehow.

*Ellen.* [*With a little quiet smile of despair.*] Yes, I shall pull through somehow.

*Alan.* You'll go back to England?

*Ellen.* Yes, to-morrow morning. Good-bye. Will you thank Lady Mary for me? [*Going off, left.*]

*Alan.* Stay. I'm sure she wouldn't wish you to go like this. She's a splendid sort, and perhaps she'll be able to do something for you. Wait here. I'll fetch her. [*Exit at window.*]

*Enter RYVES, left.*

*Ryves.* I beg pardon—

*Ellen.* I'm waiting for Lady Mary—

*Ryves.* I've just left her at the Casino. Can I take her a message?

*Ellen.* No, thank you. It's of no consequence.

*Ryves.* Won't you be seated? [*ELLEN sits. A little pause.*] Are you making a long stay in Monte Carlo?

*Ellen.* No. I leave to-morrow.

*Enter DOUCE at back, flushed, radiant, with a little leather bag full of gold and French bank-notes.*

*Douce.* Ah, Mr. Sneer! Look! Look! Look! [*Coming to table, and pulling a handful of louis and notes out of the bag—stops on seeing ELLEN.*] I beg pardon.

*Ryves.* Lady Mary heard you were gambling, and she's racing all over the rooms to find you. You'll catch it.

*Douce.* I don't care! Look! Look! And all from

a single louis. [ELLEN *is watching eagerly.*] I couldn't pick it up fast enough. And a fat old Frenchwoman robbed me of ten louis! Look!

[*Very excited, almost dancing.*]

ALAN *re-enters at window.*

Alan. [To ELLEN.] Lady Mary's not in the garden. I wonder where she is——

Ryves. Lady Mary was called off to the rooms to stop this young lady gambling. [To ELLEN.] I dare say she'll be back soon.

Ellen. I won't wait.

[*Going to door, left, watching DOUCE, who is playing with the money on the table.*]

Alan. I'm sure Lady Mary would like to see you. I'll bring her down to your hotel by-and-by.

Ellen. If you wish. [*Always watching DOUCE and the money. She is at door, left; she turns and goes to DOUCE. To DOUCE.*] I beg your pardon, did you win all that from one louis?

Douce. Yes! It's simply ridiculous! Mr. Ryves, come and help me count it!

Ellen. All from one louis?

Douce. Yes! Yes! Don't you believe me? All from one louis in half an hour.

Ryves. [*Has gone a little way with ELLEN towards the door. She is standing looking at the money.*] [Can I give any message to Lady Mary?

Ellen. No, thanks——no——

[*Exit at door, left, bewildered, looking at the money and just glancing at ALAN.*  
RYVES *is watching her keenly.*]

CURTAIN.

(*Ten days pass between Acts I. and II.*)







## ACT II.

SCENE: *Garden of the Café Veyron, a fashionable restaurant near Notre Dame de Charamonte, Monte Carlo. At back is a marble terrace raised some five feet and approached by marble steps in the centre. The back of the restaurant rises from the terrace and takes up a third of the left of the stage at back, and comes down about a third on the left side. A door into the restaurant from the terrace. At back, right, are oranges and palms on the terrace, and through this greenery is seen a view of the town of Monte Carlo, with the Casino, Terrace, Gardens, etc., and beyond the Mediterranean and the promontory of Cap Martin on a very bright, clear day. Along the right is the side-wall of the monastery covered with greenery. Down stage, left, below the angle of the restaurant, are shrubs with paths leading off.*

*Two tables laid for a meal, with paraphernalia of cutlery and linen, are placed respectively one on each side of the marble steps. Chairs are placed round them. These tables are in the disorder of a meal already served. That on the right side is vacant. At the table on the left side are discovered a French lady and gentleman at the end of a meal. The lady is seated, smoking a cigarette: the man is standing apart with the waiter, paying the bill in dumb show. During the early part of the following scene they go off unobtrusively up the marble steps and off, right.*

*Down stage, right, is a garden seat; garden chairs down stage, right. The time is a bright Sunday morning in February. As curtain rises*

*the monastery bells are tolling solemnly ; they cease a few seconds after the curtain has risen.*

*Enter, along terrace, right, ALAN and SYLVIA. She is in handsome morning dress. They come down steps as if a little tired and bored. SYLVIA seats herself, left. ALAN seats himself, right. SYLVIA yawns a little.*

*A party of Italian singers, gaily dressed, enter, right, come down steps singing, and go off, left.*

*Alan.*



YOU seem bored ?

*Sylvia.* No. Though, if I must tell the truth, you haven't been the most entertaining companion.

*Alan.* I've not been feeling very fit lately.

*Sylvia.* Is anything the matter ?

*Alan.* No—at least—I feel I owe an apology to you—

*Sylvia.* Why ?

*Alan.* A fortnight ago I led you to expect that if you cared for me, and if I could get my affairs straight—and now I'm afraid—

*Sylvia.* Has anything happened ?

*Alan.* No—what makes you think— ?

*Sylvia.* When we first came here Lady Mary seemed to be always throwing us together. Now she does her best to keep us apart ; and I heard her telling Mr. Nowell last night that you were quite impossible.

*Alan.* Oh, I'm quite impossible, am I ? Lady Mary said that ? It's a little rough when one's own relations round on one, isn't it ? Lady Mary promised my mother on her deathbed that she'd look after me and be a mother to me. And now, instead of running me for all I'm worth with the right sort of girl, she finds I'm quite impossible. Do you think I'm quite impossible ?

*Sylvia.* You have been a little strange lately.

*Alan.* You don't know what a horrible mess I'm in. If I could only once get straight and make a fresh start——

*Sylvia.* Is it only money difficulties or—is there anything else?

*Alan.* Anything else? No. What else should there be?

*Sylvia.* Well, if it's only money, I wouldn't be so utterly miserable if I were you. And as you wish to know—I don't mind telling you that I don't consider you quite impossible.

*Alan.* You don't? Thank you, awfully.

[*MR. NOWELL enters along terrace from right, attended by the Head Waiter.*

*Mr. N.* Ah, there you are, Alan. [*To Waiter.*] Now, where have you got a good table?

*Waiter.* How many, m'sieu?

*Mr. N.* Three of us here. Lady Mary, Douce and Cyril to come. Table for six.

*Waiter.* I have an excellent table on the front terrace. This way, m'sieu.

[*Leading him down the steps.*

*Mr. N.* Now, Miss Dent, what shall we say for lunch?

*Sylvia.* Oh, something very light! Just an omelette and a morsel of fish. I really can't get up an appetite for lunch at twelve. Besides, Lady Mary had a lot of letters to write and she won't be here for a quarter of an hour.

[*They have formed a group on the right side of the stage.*

*Enter right, along terrace, MADAME ESPERANZO, a handsome dark woman, beautifully dressed in Eastern materials; she is followed by two pretty girls and a wizened old Turk.*

*Turk.* Le déjeuner pour madame, Jean.



*Waiter.* Je suis à Madame tout de suite.

[MADAME *stands on the top steps and poses, attended by her satellites.*

*Sylvia.* [*Aside to MR. NOWELL.*] Madame Esperanzo.

*Madame.* [*To Turk.*] Demandez si l'on a réservée la petite terrasse et ma petite table.

*Turk.* [*To Waiter.*] Avez vous réservée la petite terrasse et la table de madame?

*Waiter.* Mais oui, m'sieu. Certainement. Passez par la, m'sieu. Je vais m'occuper de Madame tout suite. [MADAME *sweeps down the steps and off, left, attended by her satellites*; MR. NOWELL, ALAN, SYLVIA, *watch them with interest as they go off.*

*Mr. N.* Oh, that's the famous Madame Esperanzo. Now where is this excellent table?

*Waiter.* This way, m'sieu.

[*Exit Waiter, left, followed by MR. NOWELL.*

ELLEN *enters, right, along terrace behind the orange tree, watches jealously.*

*Alan.* I say, that is a jolly frock you're wearing. Where did you get it?

*Sylvia.* Madame Marigny. One has to go down on one's knees to get anything from her. And she's horribly expensive. A thousand francs for the simplest little morning gown.

*Alan.* I don't wonder when she can do a turn-out like that.

[*The band of Italian singers are heard off, left, singing an Italian song to mandolin accompaniment.*

*Sylvia.* There are those Italian singers——

*Alan.* I say, this is a lovely country, isn't it? I defy anyone to be miserable here!

[*Exeunt SYLVIA and ALAN, left, as ELLEN*

*creeps along terrace, right, from behind the orange tree, and comes down the steps, looking after them. She goes to left and looks after ALAN and SYLVIA. MR. FARNDON enters, right, along the terrace, sees her and comes down to her.*

*Mr. F.* Come, my dear, there's no use in following him about like this.

*Ellen.* Let me be. *[Looking off, left, eagerly.]*

*Mr. F.* You're only making yourself ill and miserable——

*Ellen.* No. No. What a horrid dress this is, isn't it?  
*[She is dressed in a pretty light gown, rather more fashionable and Frenchy than the one she wore in the first act, but forming a distinct contrast to the very stylish gown SYLVIA is wearing.]*

*Mr. F.* Yesterday when it came home you thought it was very handsome.

*Ellen.* No. It looks so dowdy amongst all these fashionable ladies' dresses.

*Mr. F.* I don't think so. And it was very expensive.

*Ellen.* Expensive?! The really good dressmakers here charge a thousand francs for the simplest morning gown.

*Mr. F.* That's nothing to do with us, is it? Come, we'll get back to our hotel for déjeuner.

*Ellen.* No. We'll have déjeuner here.

*[Looking off, left, eagerly.]*

*Mr. F.* But the expense——

*Ellen.* It doesn't matter. We'll stay here.

*Mr. F.* Ellen—I want to talk seriously to you. We've been here for more than a week, and living very extravagantly. Two thousand pounds won't last for ever. I've nothing laid by, and now after our trouble they'll never make me manager at the bank. It's good of them to keep my place open for me while I'm here with you. Well, it doesn't much

matter what becomes of me. My little day has nearly run to its close, and I shall soon have to draw the curtains.

*Ellen.* Father!

*Mr. F.* But there's your mother. You know what the last news was. No better—doctor's bill—nurse's attendance. And then there's little Alan.

*Ellen.* Yes—well?

*Mr. F.* Let's leave this place, dear. You came for a purpose. You've failed.

*Ellen.* No. Not yet!

*Mr. F.* My dear, don't deceive yourself. Look yonder! What hope is there that he'll turn to you? You'll only break your heart and waste all your money——

*Ellen.* No——

*Mr. F.* But it's going, going fast——

*Ellen.* Father, I'm a good deal richer than I was a week ago.

*Mr. F.* What?

*Ellen.* I'm more than two hundred and fifty pounds richer than when I came here.

*Mr. F.* [*Suddenly.*] You've been gambling! Ellen! We'll get away from this place at once. The first train—come!

*Ellen.* No! Listen, father. That young lady the other night won over two hundred louis from a single one. Think of it! She came out over two hundred times as rich as she went in. I only want to win four or five times as much as I have, and then—oh, don't you see what it means?—he's in debt; he would love me again if I freed him. And then, if he married me, mother would get well again, and Alan would be brought up a little gentleman; and you would get your rise at the bank, and everybody would respect us again. Don't you see what it means?

*Mr. F.* Ellen, it's madness, wicked madness, and nothing but worse misery can come of it. Come, we'll get back home.

*Ellen.* No. I'm going on with this to the end. If you don't approve, leave me, and go back home yourself. I'll pay your expenses there. But if you stay, don't try to stop me! Don't argue with me! I won't listen! I won't go back! I will go on.

*Mr. F.* Ellen! what has come over you?

*Ellen.* Ah, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to be unkind. Don't give way. There's nothing to grieve about. And—now—you see I can afford to buy pretty frocks and I can afford to give you a nice déjeuner. You won't be angry with me?

*Mr. F.* No, dear, no. [*Kisses her.*] Do as you think best. But I don't feel at home in these fashionable places amongst fashionable people. And I can't fall into this way of spending Sunday.

[*SYLVIA and ALAN are heard off, laughing together. ELLEN goes jealously left and looks off.*]

*Mr. F.* [*Following her.*] Come, dear, let's get back to our hotel——

*Ellen.* No. [*Looking off, left.*] He's going away with that young lady. Isn't she beautifully dressed? I wish I could wear dresses like that, and talk in that pretty careless way. Oh, I don't belong to the same world that he does! Have you seen the name of Madame Marigny over a shop anywhere?

*Mr. F.* No. Who is she?

*Ellen.* A dressmaker. I want to find her address. Ah! they've turned! Don't you stay——[*MR. FARN-DON makes a slight remonstrance.*] No, dear. I want to speak to him alone, and if you're here you might get angry with him, and that would only set him against me—please——

*Mr. F.* Very well.

*Ellen.* [*Looking off, left.*] Ah! He has seen me! Don't wait! [*With sudden affection.*] Forgive me, dear. I've brought you so much trouble.

*Mr. F.* You won't be long?

*Ellen.* No—only till I've spoken to him.



[ *Waves him to go off, looks off eagerly, left.*  
MR. FARNDON *leaves her, goes up steps, meets LADY MARY at the top, who enters from right—she looks at him inquiringly; he bows to her and goes off.* LADY MARY *watches ELLEN and comes down behind her. ELLEN has been watching eagerly, has shown hope and then great disappointment. She turns away and meets LADY MARY, who also has been looking left.*

*Ellen.* Good morning, Lady Mary.

*Lady M.* [*Coldly.*] Good morning. You haven't left Monte Carlo then?

*Ellen.* [*A little confused.*] No—I——

*Lady M.* I'm sure it's not well for you to stay.

*Ellen.* But, Lady Mary, you don't know——

*Lady M.* What? [*Looks off, left.*] Let's have a little talk together. [*Leading her to the garden chairs.*] Trust me, and tell me everything.

*Ellen.* You don't think I'm wicked?

*Lady M.* My dear, it isn't for me to judge. I have never thrown stones at such as——

*Ellen.* At such as *I*, you were going to say. I'm not *that*, Lady Mary! If you think I am, leave me and have nothing more to say to me.

*Lady M.* My dear, I didn't mean to offend you——

*Ellen.* You did offend me, and you do offend me if you think I'm not worthy to be Alan's wife. Do you believe me?

*Lady M.* I'm quite willing to believe the best of you, and to help you if I can.

*Ellen.* Oh, Lady Mary, you could help me——

*Lady M.* How? I understand from Mr. Leversage that you have some means, but if it's any question of money, we should be willing to make some further small allowance——

*Ellen.* Lady Mary, I don't want to take money. I want to give it.

*Lady M.* I don't understand——

*Ellen.* Alan is in debt. I've just come into some money——

*Lady M.* My dear, please say no more.

*Ellen.* Why not?

*Lady M.* To begin with, Mr. Leversage's debts are very heavy——

*Ellen.* Yes; he told me about six thousand pounds.

*Lady M.* Well. I understand from him that you have been left about two thousand——

*Ellen.* There is a further division to make. It will be a great deal more than that.

*Lady M.* You're very kind, but you must really put this out of your mind.

*Ellen.* Why? You say you believe the best of me. Well then, you must believe that I'm worthy to be Alan's wife. I am already his wife in a sense. And if I save him from bankruptcy and make him happy——oh, Lady Mary, is it impossible?

*Lady M.* My dear——this is the strangest suggestion——

*Ellen.* But it's not impossible——you said you'd help me. If you wouldn't mind taking a little notice of me, I mean amongst other people [*she sees LADY MARY looks grave*], I'd buy some very nice new dresses——and you needn't be ashamed of me. My mother came from a good old Huguenot family——

*Lady M.* [*Greatly touched.*] My poor girl——

*Ellen.* Promise you'll help me!

*Lady M.* [*Shaking her head.*] I think it would be unwise——

*Ellen.* Unwise for whom? Unwise for Alan? Unwise to marry a woman who loves him as I do?

*Lady M.* My dear, you mustn't build on this. Go back to your home. You will be far happier——

*Ellen.* No. I must stay till I know——

[*LADY MARY shakes her head sadly and kindly.*]

*Enter DOUCE and RYVES on terrace, right, and down steps—ELLEN goes a little to the right. DOUCE, very beautifully dressed, runs down steps.*

*Douce.* [*Goes very eagerly and cordially to LADY MARY.*] Good morning, auntie dear. This is the first time I've seen you this morning, isn't it?

*[Trying to kiss LADY MARY.*

*Lady M.* [*Repulsing DOUCE.*] You know it is! You know you've been keeping out of my sight.

*Douce.* I knew you meant to row me. Naturally a dog keeps out of sight when he knows he's going to be beaten. [*Again trying to embrace LADY MARY.*

*Lady M.* No, Douce. I'm very angry with you.

*[Again repulsing her.*

*Douce.* Well, good morning then. Won't you say good morning?

*Lady M.* [*Stiffly.*] We are not alone.

*[Glancing at ELLEN.*

*Douce.* [*To ELLEN with great cordiality.*] Good morning.

*Ellen.* Good morning. *[Embarrassed.*

*Douce.* You were calling on Lady Mary the other night when I made my first coup. I've done better since (good morning, auntie)—yes, I have been scooping it in since I saw you—and the more I scoop in the angrier auntie gets with me (good morning, auntie), and I was just saying to auntie—oh, by the way, auntie, do you know Madame Esperanzo always lunches here on Sunday mornings? [*To ELLEN.*] Do you know Madame Esperanzo? It was she who advised me to play and win all this money.

*[ELLEN shows great interest.*

*Ellen.* She must be very wonderful——

*Douce.* She is; everything she says comes true.

*Ellen.* [*Deeply interested.*] Can anyone consult her?

*Douce.* Oh yes, by paying.

*Lady M.* [*Who has been watching with a little impatience.*] Douce, I think it's nearly time for lunch——

*Douce.* Is it? Good morning, auntie. You haven't introduced me to—— [*Indicating ELLEN.*

[*LADY MARY shows hesitation, which ELLEN notices, and shows she is hurt.*

*Lady M.* Miss Farndon is only here for a few days with her father, and——

*Ellen.* [*To DOUCE.*] We are not likely to meet again. This Madame Esperanzo, is she here now?

*Douce.* Yes. [*Looking off, left.*] She's lunching somewhere on one of the terraces.

*Ellen.* I'll try and find her. Good morning.

[*Goes off upper entrance, left.*

*Douce.* Good morning. That's a very charming person. Did you notice the extremely polite way in which she said "Good morning"?

*Lady M.* Douce, you are really incorrigible. And you shouldn't have entered into conversation with her.

*Douce.* Isn't she nice?

*RYVES enters along terrace at back.*

*Douce.* [*Very cordially.*] Good morning, Mr. Ryves.

*Ryves.* [*Coming down steps with crutch.*] Why good morning? We've met before.

*Douce.* Never mind. Really nice people don't mind how many times they say good morning. Good morning, auntie. [*Trying again to kiss LADY MARY.*



*Laay M.* [*Repulsing her.*] No, Douce. I'm very angry with you.

*Douce.* I don't believe it. You couldn't be really angry with a sweet, kind face like that. Look!

[*Pulls out a jewel case which contains a very handsome brooch.*]

*Lady M.* What's this?

*Douce.* [*Trying to fasten the brooch on LADY MARY'S dress.*] This is a pretty little thing, and a very pretty little thing, for the dearest, kindest auntie in the world, from her naughty, affectionate niece, Douce Kennet. Good morning, auntie.

*Lady M.* [*Taking the brooch.*] Douce! [*Holding up the brooch.*] This must have cost—— I knew you'd been in those rooms again!

*Douce.* I did scoop it in for a quarter of an hour yesterday afternoon, when you thought I was having a cold douche.

*Lady M.* What will your mother say?

*Douce.* I've bought her a little gold purse set with emeralds. And I've sent Mrs. Parsons five pounds to take her to the seaside. And I'm simply going to ladle it out to all your poor folks when I get home. Good morning, auntie.

*Lady M.* [*Turns to RYVES with a gesture of despair.*] Good morning, you tiresome monkey. [*Kisses her.*] [*To RYVES, who has been watching.*] What am I to do with her? I suppose they've engaged our old table on the first terrace. [*Shaking her head at DOUCE.*] I won't forgive you if you play again.

[*Exit, left.* DOUCE is following LADY MARY.]

*Ryves.* Douce——

*Douce.* Well.

*Ryves.* I thought you liked me.

*Douce.* Hm—when you aren't in one of your sneering moods.

*Ryves.* I feel hurt.

*Douce.* Why?

*Ryves.* I'm jealous of François.

*Douce.* Jealous of a waiter?!

*Ryves.* You gave him two louis.

*Douce.* His wife has a new baby.

*Ryves.* It's not only François. You've given presents to everybody—except me. I'm deeply hurt.

*Douce.* Really? I'll buy you something. Is there anything in particular you'd like?

*Ryves.* I noticed in Fourneau's window a rather handsome scarf-pin with a large pearl in the centre.

[DOUCE'S face falls.]

*Douce.* Ye-es—

*Ryves.* If you wish to cement our friendship—

*Douce.* Would it be—expensive?

*Ryves.* No—thirty or forty louis perhaps. It isn't the mere money value of the thing—

*Douce.* No, but still it is expensive. Perhaps there's something else you'd like?

*Ryves.* No. That scarf-pin is the only thing I care for.

*Douce.* Well, if you've really set your heart on it, I'll get it. Shall we go to lunch?

*Ryves.* [Looking off.] I don't think it's ready yet. Ah, by the way—

*Douce.* Yes?

*Ryves.* It isn't charity to give money to people who produce babies. To any right-minded father, a baby is its own reward. Now if you wish to indulge yourself in one outburst of real genuine charity—

*Douce.* Outburst?!

*Ryves.* I know a thoroughly deserving case—

*Douce.* Yes? Shall we join the others?

*Ryves.* It's a poor consumptive concierge with three consumptive children.

*Douce.* Poor fellow!

*Ryves.* It's heart-breaking. If you could spare five or ten louis—

*Douce.* [Reluctantly draws out her purse.] Well, this must be my last outburst till I've earned some more at the tables. [Takes a French bank-note out of purse, offers it to him.] There! Five louis.

Ryves. Thanks.

[Offering to take note.

Douce. [Holding back the note.] One moment, please. I want to talk to you.

Ryves. Eh?

Douce. You're always lecturing me, and I've stood it very well. Now I've got a little lecture for you.

Ryves. What's the subject?

Douce. You, Mr. Sneer! You and your sneers! It's so easy to sneer! It's so cheap! It's so small! I hate a man that's always sneering!

Ryves. [Expostulating.] Oh!

Douce. Now before I give you this [holding up the bank-note], you will please own that you've been utterly wrong throughout.

Ryves. I've been utterly wrong throughout. [Holds out his hand for note. She gives it.] Thank you. [Puts it in his purse.] What have I been utterly wrong about?

Douce. What have you been right about? You're always talking about facts! What are the facts in this case?

Ryves. Tell me.

Douce. Fact number one. Madame Esperanzo said I was going to win! Fact number two. You sneered and said I wasn't! Fact number three. I did win! I did win! Fact number four. I've been able to buy all these things, and give all this pleasure, and do all this good. Look at all the poor people that I'm going to make happy next Christmas. Facts! Facts! Facts! Mr. Sneer! You can't get over facts!

Ryves. I never will try.

Douce. Very well. That's finished and we're friends. I'm glad I've taught you a lesson. Now will you do me a favour in return?

Ryves. Certainly.

Douce. Tell me the choicest, most elegant French for—"You—fat—old—swindling—beast."

Ryves. What?!

Douce. There's an awful fat old French woman;

she always comes up when I'm playing, and waits her chance, and grabs my winnings. And I thought if I could once turn on her and thoroughly electrify her with some fearful bad language—such as any lady might use—or such as I might be supposed not to know the meaning of—don't you see? Eh?

*Ryves.* If you want a lesson in that kind of choice French, you'd better apply to your friend Madame Esperanzo. [*Looking off, left.*] There she is!

*Douce.* Where? [*Looking off.*] Doesn't she look lovely? I must buy her a few flowers.

*Ryves.* Buy Esperanzo flowers?!

*Douce.* There's a very nice shop at the end of the terrace——

*Ryves.* But they're horribly expensive.

*Douce.* You have some good qualities, Mr. Ryves, but you're not generous. Here is a woman who gave me the best advice at a critical period in my life. I owe all my fortune to her, and you're mean enough to persuade me against buying her a paltry bouquet!

*Ryves.* No—no—I'll come and help you choose it.

*Douce.* Come along then, and do try and fight against your baser instincts.

*Ryves.* I will! I will!

[*Exeunt DOUCE and RYVES, lower path, left.*]

*Enter along terrace, right, FATHER RAYMOND, a distinguished English Catholic priest, about fifty; commanding, intellectual; a face of great power and ascetic beauty. He stands and looks round a moment, on the top of the steps, as if looking for someone. The Head Waiter appears at the door of the restaurant.*

*Waiter.* M'sieu désire quelque chose?

*Father R.* I'm looking for a young English lady—a Miss Farndon. I've just met her father on the hill



and he told me I should find her here. Do you know her?

*Waiter.* Mees Farndon—no—I not know her, but there are many English at déjeuner. Will m'sieu step inside and look for her?

*Father R.* Thank you. If you'll allow me.

*[Exit into restaurant, followed by Waiter.]*

*Enter by upper path, left, MADAME ESPERANZO, followed by the Turk.*

*Madame.* Cherchez la voiture.

*Turk.* *[Bows.]* Oui, Madame.

*[Exit the Turk up steps and off, right, as ELLEN timorously and nervously creeps on upper path, left. She comes up to MADAME.]*

*Ellen.* I beg pardon—you are Madame Esperanzo?

*Madame.* Yes.

*Ellen.* I want to consult you—

*Madame.* I give no séance here.

*Ellen.* But you could tell me—

*Madame.* Here I tell you nothing. I know nothing. Write to my villa at Nice and make an appointment.

*Ellen.* But if it's a question of money—I'll give you anything you ask—?

*Madame.* Write to my villa at Nice.

*Ellen.* But I want to know now—I must know—

*DOUCE and RYVES enter, left. DOUCE is carrying a beautiful bouquet.*

*Douce.* Madame, ayez la bonté d'accepter ce témoignage— *[Offering bouquet.]*

*Madame.* Ah, chérie, c'est vous. Vous m'avez consulté la semaine dernière. Eh bien? Vous ne le regrettez pas?

*The two Young Ladies, followers of MADAME, enter, left.*

*Douce.* Mais non. J'ai beaucoup gagné. Beaucoup ! Grace à vous. Mille remerciements. Voulez vous accepter ? *[Offering bouquet.]*

*Madame.* Merci, ma chérie. *[To one of the Young Ladies.]* Mettez-les dans la voiture ! Est elle bien gentille ? *[Giving her the bouquet—one of the Young Ladies takes it off, right.]* Prenez garde. Eh bien, vous avez gagné ?

*Douce.* Nom d'un chien ! oui ! Beaucoup !

*Madame.* Eh bien, continuez !

*Douce.* Je vais encore gagner, n'est ce pas Madame ? *[MADAME shakes her head mysteriously.]* Dites moi, si je vais encore gagner ?

*Madame.* Continuez un peu——

*Douce.* Jusqu'à—— ?

*Madame.* Continuez un petit peu, un très petit peu. *[ELLEN is eagerly watching. RYVES is watching ELLEN and MADAME. MADAME goes towards steps.]*

*Ellen.* *[To DOUCE.]* I beg pardon. I want to ask Madame—she says she won't tell me anything here. But she has told you—will you ask her—— ?

*Douce.* What ?

*Ellen.* She told you to stake and win. Ask her if I—no, let me——*[Takes out her purse with a note.]* Madame, please take this——*[Thrusts a note into her hand.]* You must have it ! I won't take it back. Now answer me one question—answer me Yes or No ?

*Madame.* But I know not what you ask——

*Ellen.* Yes—if you have this wonderful power you can see what I want to know. Answer me—Yes or No ! Do you hear ? Say Yes or No ! *[A pause.]*

*Madame.* Yes !

*Ellen.* *[A little shout of triumph.]* Ah ! Thank you !

Thank you! You've told me what I wanted to know.  
Thank you!

*[Sits on seat overcome. RYVES has been watching keenly. A pause.]*

*The Attendant who has taken off the bouquet re-enters, right, and stands on top of steps.*

*Attendant.* Madame, la voiture vous attend.

*Madame.* J'y vais tout de suite.

*[Exit Attendant. MADAME stands a little perplexed at ELLEN'S outburst, finally comes down to her a few steps as if to speak to her. RYVES, who has been watching, intercepts her with an angry gesture.]*

*Ryves.* Eh bien, va!

*Madame.* M'sieu?!

*Ryves.* Laissez donc! Laissez donc! Vous avez le billet de banque, n'est ce pas? Ça suffit, n'est ce pas? Ça suffit?

*[Urging her out of ELLEN'S way, towards the steps.]*

*Madame.* Eh bien? Eh bien?

*Ryves.* Va donc! Va donc!

*Madame.* Va donc? Va donc, vous!

*Ryves.* Allez! Allez!

*[Urging her to the steps, pointing her off, then goes to ELLEN. MADAME sweeps indignantly up the steps, then turns.]*

*Madame.* *[Turns at top of steps, calls out to RYVES.]* Ecoutez! Ecoutez! Venez ici! Ici un moment, espèce d'andouille ficellé! I will speak with you! Ici!

*Ryves.* *[Comes contemptuously up to steps.]* Well?

*Madame.* Shall I tell your fortune? Will you know your fortune?

*Ryves.* Yes. Tell me.

*Madame.* You shall go to the tables, and you shall

lose, lose—ah, voyez vous, sale boiteux, you shall lose all your beastly money, every dam louis, and you shall blow your beastly brains!

*Ryves.* Not I! When I commit suicide I'll make a clean job of it, and take poison, just to spite you, and show that you know nothing of your lying business!

*Madame.* No. You shall blow your brains! Va donc, and blow your brains! Va! Va! Va! Espèce de saucisse puante, va!

[*Makes an angry vulgar gesture at him, and exit, right.* RYVES laughs and chuckles.

*Enter SYLVIA, left.*

*Sylvia.* Douce, Mr. Ryves, Lady Mary has sent me to say luncheon is ready.

*Ryves.* [*To SYLVIA.*] Tell Lady Mary I'll be there in a few minutes. [*Goes towards ELLEN.*

*Sylvia.* Come, Douce.

[*Exeunt DOUCE and SYLVIA, left.* ELLEN has been sitting, right, in a kind of ecstasy of assured future triumph. RYVES is going off, left: he turns, deliberates a moment, and then comes up to her.

*Ryves.* Miss Farndon—

*Ellen.* [*Aroused from her dream.*] Yes—

*Ryves.* Would you think me impertinent to offer you a word of caution?

*Ellen.* Eh? No. I beg your pardon—I've been dreaming, I think. Why did you insult that lady just now?

*Ryves.* I wished her to expose herself to you as an evident impostor.

*Ellen.* Impostor?!

*Ryves.* I saw by your face that you had resolved to enter upon some course of action according to the answer she gave you. Is that so?

*Ellen.* Yes.



*Ryves.* I hope you won't allow yourself to be led by so dangerous a guide. If you're in any difficulty, why not ask advice of some good friend—say Lady Mary Nowell? I'm sure she would help you.

*Ellen.* Nobody can help me in this—except God.

*Ryves.* Then why ask counsel of Madame Esperanzo?

*Ellen.* I didn't. I had already made up my mind—only I wanted her to tell me—don't you understand? Have there never been times in your life when you've come to two roads and there has been no signpost? But something within you says: "Take this road and not that." And you feel you must take it and go on—well then, it's very encouraging if some friend calls out: "Go on! You're right! Go on!"

*Ryves.* But if some friend calls out: "Stop, you're wrong! In heaven's name, stop!"

*Ellen.* It would make no difference. I must go on.

*Ryves.* I'm sure you're wrong to venture into an unknown country with Madame Esperanzo for your guide. Let me beg you to turn back. Good-bye.

[*Going.*]

*Ellen.* [*Stopping him.*] No—no—I don't know your name——

*Ryves.* Cyril Ryves.

*Ellen.* You're a friend of Lady Mary's?

*Ryves.* Yes.

[*Pause. ELLEN suddenly gives him a searching glance.*]

*Ellen.* Has she told you—has she said anything about me? [*RYVES does not answer.*] She has told you.

*Ryves.* If Lady Mary or I can be of any use to you, do let us know. Good-bye. [*Offering his hand.*]

*Ellen.* Good-bye. [*Shaking hands. Suddenly looks at him.*] Did you guess what was passing in my mind just now when I questioned Madame Esperanzo?

*Ryves.* I'm not sure. I've been watching you at the tables this last week——

*Ellen.* You've been watching me?

*Ryves.* I can't take [*touching his paralyzed leg*] a very active part in life on my own account, so I've plenty of leisure to watch other people. You've been winning?

*Ellen.* Yes.

*Ryves.* A good deal?

*Ellen.* Nearly three hundred pounds.

*Ryves.* And you were questioning Madame Esperanzo as to whether you should go on?

*Ellen.* [*Looks at him sharply.*] Have you said anything to Lady Mary or—Mr. Leversage about my playing?

*Ryves.* Not a word.

*Ellen.* You won't tell them that I'm gambling?

*Ryves.* If you ask me not——

*Ellen.* I do. Promise me you won't?

*Ryves.* I promise.

*Ellen.* I may trust you?

*Ryves.* Indeed you may. Still let me beg you not to play any more.

*Ellen.* But I've won.

*Ryves.* As chance would have it.

*Ellen.* But I may win more—there are large fortunes made—I saw a man win eight thousand pounds last night—and I know I shall win.

*Ryves.* Ah, don't think it—don't hope it!

*Ellen.* But I must—it means everything to me—you don't understand.

*Ryves.* I think perhaps I guess.

*Ellen.* What?

*Ryves.* I'm a stranger to you. I've no right to pry into your affairs——

*Ellen.* But you might advise me; at least you could tell me what you think best.

*Ryves.* I have told you, and you won't listen.

*Ellen.* But you don't understand my position.

[*Searches his face for some moments.*] You look kind and thoughtful, and I've no friend—you don't know how I've tortured myself about this. I've prayed night after night for some sign to be given me whether I should go on, and when that woman said "Yes" I took it for a sign—and I determined to go on.

*Ryves.* Where?

*Ellen.* You said you guessed. What did you guess?

*Ryves.* From what Lady Mary and Mr. Leversage have told me——

*Ellen.* Yes—you think——?

*Ryves.* You've won; you think you will win more, in the hope that Alan Leversage will then remember his duty to you——

*Ellen.* His duty? Yes, it is his duty, isn't it? Never mind that. But if I were rich and paid his debts, and he married me—surely now you know you don't advise me to stop?

*Ryves.* Indeed I do—with all my heart.

*Ellen.* Why?

*Ryves.* Can you bear to hear the truth?

*Ellen.* Yes.

*Ryves.* I shall pain you.

*Ellen.* I've asked you to be my friend and advise me. Go on.

*Ryves.* I will. Grant you win, and that he marries you. Don't you think that might be the very worst thing that could happen to you?

*Ellen.* How?

*Ryves.* You know his character; he's weak, careless, spendthrift; you've had experience of his dealings with women. How can you hope for happiness with him?

*Ellen.* What's the use of talking to me like this? Perhaps he is all that you say, but I love him and he is the father of my child. Perhaps if he married me I shouldn't be happy. That wouldn't make any difference—I should go on just the same—yes, if I

knew that I was going to be the most unhappy creature that ever breathed—women are made like that—we can't help ourselves. Thank you very much, but you don't understand.

*Ryves.* I'm sorry I spoke—forgive me. But at least you won't risk very much of your little fortune?

*Ellen.* I shall risk all. Every penny. That was the question I asked Madame Esperanzo. Shall I risk all?

*Ryves.* Let me beg you, as if I were speaking to my own sister, let me beg you not to yield to this madness.

*Ellen.* Madness? I've won! I shall win!

*Ryves.* [*Shakes his head sadly.*] You're fighting a machine, a cruel hellish machine, that will go on drawing you nearer and nearer; it's iron; it has no sense, no feeling, no mercy; it will merely drag you into its cogs. In the end you will lose money, hopes, happiness, everything——

*Ellen.* Why do you tell me all this? Why do you come here and put all these doubts into my mind just as I felt sure of myself—oh, I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do! [*FATHER RAYMOND has entered from restaurant and is coming down steps.*] Father Raymond!

*Father R.* I've been looking for you. I've been to your hotel to ask for you. Well, this is fortunate.

*Ellen.* [*Shaking hands warmly.*] Oh, so fortunate—I'm so glad to see you——

*Father R.* What hopes? what news? All well, I trust?

*Ellen.* Yes, yes. I think—— Tell me—tell me——

*Father R.* What? [*RYVES is going off, left.*]

*Ellen.* Mr. Ryves—one moment. [*To FATHER RAYMOND.*] Tell me—shall I do this or not?

*Father R.* Do what?

*Ellen.* What is in my heart. You mustn't ask me what it is, but tell me, shall I do it or not?

*Father R.* I cannot say unless I know.



*Ellen.* Yes. Answer me, Yes or No—no other word—shall I do it—Yes or No?

*Father R.* Is it a good deed? 'Is it for your good, your soul's good?

*Ellen.* Yes, it must be for my soul's good. Yes.

*Father R.* Then do it.

*Ellen.* I will.

[*The monastery bells clash out joyfully.* RYVES goes off, left.]

CURTAIN.

(*A month passes between Acts II. and III.*)



### ACT III.

SCENE: ELLEN FARNDON'S *sitting-room in the Casino Palace Hotel, Monte Carlo.* A room in the same hotel, and furnished and decorated much in the same style as the sitting-room of Act I. Windows at back open on to a broad veranda with marble pavement. Beyond are gardens with electric lights sparkling between the trees. A door up stage, left. A door down stage, left. A door down stage, right, with curtains hanging over it. A fireplace up stage, right. A table with writing materials at back, right, close to window. A table with chairs down stage, right. A small settee, down left. Two unopened letters on it. A handsome cabinet against wall, left. Time: Night. Discover MR. FARNDON in frock coat seated at table, right, reading a letter.

*Enter Waiter, lower door, left, announcing FATHER RAYMOND.*

*Enter FATHER RAYMOND. Exit Waiter.*

MR. FARNDON *risés and shakes hands.*

*Mr. Farndon.*



OOD evening, Father. This is an unexpected pleasure. I'll fetch my daughter—

*Father R.* No—not yet. I'd rather speak with you first.

*Mr. F.* Won't you be seated?

*Father R.* [*Sits; looks round at the handsomely furnished room.*] I'm leaving for England by the eleven o'clock train, and I've come over from Grasse to say good-bye. I inquired at your old hotel, but they told me you had left. [*Looking round room.*

*Mr. F.* Yes. You're surprised to find us living in a palace like this?

*Father R.* I didn't understand.

*Mr. F.* Ellen is much richer than she was; and she wanted to be in the same hotel as—as Mr. Lever-sage and his friends.

*Father R.* I hope she's quite well and happy?

*Mr. F.* Yes—I think so, thank you.

*Father R.* I've no right to ask further. But I've been most anxious about her——

*Mr. F.* Why?

*Father R.* You remember when I was here a month ago?

*Mr. F.* The night you dined with us at our little hotel?

*Father R.* Yes. I'd met her in the morning, and she had suddenly asked me whether she should do some action or no—what it was she would not say. I could only advise her if it were a good deed to do it. I tried all the evening to gain her further confidence, but she would say no more; and I left her with a feeling that perhaps I'd counselled her wrongly. All the time I've had a feeling of vague discomfort and alarm about her; and this afternoon it became so strong that, although I'd arranged to leave for England by the afternoon train, I felt bound to change my plans and come back here to see her.

*Mr. F.* It was very kind of you. I'm sure Ellen will be delighted to see you. [*Rising.*

*Father R.* Stay. You know that I'm not here to look into your private affairs. I've come simply as a friend who was able to render some little service to your daughter when she needed it——

*Mr. F.* Ellen has told me how kind you were!

*Father R.* Can I be of any further service?

*Mr. F.* [*Looks at him.*] What has she told you in her letters?

*Father R.* She wrote full of good spirits and hope for the future. But I was very much disturbed by a report some friends brought me to Grasse the other day. They'd been watching the extraordinary luck at the tables of a young Englishwoman. They gave me a description of her, and I feared they might be speaking of your daughter?

*Mr. F.* It's quite true, Father. She seems like one possessed. Sometimes she wins, sometimes she loses; but that makes no difference. She only stakes the higher and gets it all back. At first I used to go to the tables with her, but now it frightens me. I try to pray that she may win, and then I think it will be wicked, so I do nothing. I feel like a man hanging over a precipice—sometimes I wish the suspense was over, and that everything was lost.

*Father R.* Where is she now?

*Mr. F.* At dinner in the restaurant. I don't feel at home there among all the dress and music, but she seems to like it, and the fashionable people are taking her up. I don't know how it will end!

*Enter ELLEN in a very beautiful and fashionable evening dress, lower door, left. She is flushed, excited, happy, confident, self-possessed; showing a great change from her tortured, wavering manner in Act II.*

*Ellen.* [*To FATHER RAYMOND, very cordially.*] Ah, Father! [*Shaking hands.*] Now this is unkind! Why didn't you come an hour earlier, and let me give you some dinner? But perhaps I'm not too late now?

*Father R.* [*Has retained her hand and is looking at her with grave, kind, inquiring solicitude.*] Thank you, I have dined.



*Ellen.* Why are you looking at me so strangely?

*Father R.* I was hoping all had gone well with you.

*Ellen.* Can't you see it has? Thanks to you! You remember that morning in the café garden? You were sent with a special message to guide me.

*Father R.* I wish I could feel that.

*Ellen.* I'm sure of it——

*Father R.* [*Retaining her hand, speaking very gravely.*] Remember what I asked you then: "Is it for your soul's good?"

*Ellen.* Yes, it is! And you told me to do it!

*Father R.* If any chance word of mine started you upon this reckless course——

*Ellen.* This reckless course?! [*Glances sharply at MR. FARNDON.*] Father, you've told him!

*Mr. F.* Why should you mind his knowing? He's a true friend. Ask him to counsel you now.

*Father R.* If you are acting upon the answer I gave you that morning, let me at once recall what I——

*Ellen.* [*Quickly.*] No. You've said it! It was like a promise from Heaven and you shan't take it back. It isn't so much my own happiness, though after all I've suffered I think a little happiness is owing to me. But it's not that; it's my mother's life, my boy's future, and our position amongst our old friends—they're all hanging upon it. I hold you to your word. Now please say no more about that. Sit down! How long are you staying?

*Father R.* I'm leaving in an hour. I came from Grasse to say good-bye.

*Ellen.* That was very kind! [*Sees letters on table.*] The post! The letters I've been waiting for!

*Mr. F.* There's one from your mother——

*Ellen.* [*Has taken up letters.*] Yes. [*To FATHER RAYMOND.*] You'll excuse me, won't you? [*Opens letter; shows pleasure.*] I must read this out to you [*reading*] she says: "Dearest, I trust your hopes are

going to be realized, and that you will return home an honourable wife. You know how happy it would make me. I pray God for it every hour of my life."—Oh, it shall be so, dear! it shall be so! [*Reads.*] "How beautiful it must be in that land where you are, and how I wish I could join you." [*Stops suddenly.*] Father, I've an idea. [*To FATHER RAYMOND.*] You're going to England to-night? How long before you start?

*Father R.* An hour or so.

*Ellen.* There will be plenty of time. [*To MR. FARNDON.*] Go upstairs and pack. You're going to England to-night, and you'll bring mother here, by very easy stages, just as she can bear the journey. And when she gets here, perhaps, perhaps—who knows? Now go and pack at once—this moment!

*Mr. F.* Ellen! You'll be quite safe while I am away?

*Ellen.* Oh yes. Lady Mary took a great deal of notice of me in the drawing-room before dinner! on't fear! I shall be quite safe—with my friends.

*Enter Waiter, lower door, left.*

*Waiter.* Madame Marigny is in the hall.

*Ellen.* Ask Madame Marigny to wait.

[*Exit Waiter, lower door, left.*]

*Mr. F.* I shall see you before I start?

*Ellen.* Yes; come to me here before you go.

[*Exit MR. FARNDON, lower door, left.*]

*Father R.* I've an old friend or two at the Grand. I'll call back here for your father; if not, tell him I'll look out for him at the train. Good-bye.

*Ellen.* Good-bye. [*He is looking at her again with great tenderness and solicitude.*] What are you thinking of? You know I shall succeed in this?

*Father R.* I hope all will be well with you.

*Ellen.* Say you know it will!

*Father R.* I hope all will be well with you.

*Ellen.* Say that it shall !

*Father R.* I hope all will be well with you.

*[Exit, lower door, left, looking at her with great tenderness and solicitude. As soon as FATHER RAYMOND has gone ELLEN makes a resolute gesture as if dismissing his fears and her own—then\* goes to bell and rings it, comes to table down stage, takes up the other letter. It is a large blue envelope ; she opens it, takes out five or six papers, looks at them, shows satisfaction.]*

*Enter Waiter, lower door, left.*

*Ellen.* Show Madame Marigny in here.

*Waiter.* Bien, madame.

*[Exit.]*

*Ellen.* *[Goes up to table at back, sits, begins to write.]*  
 “ Dear Mr. Leversage, I have had some very good news from my lawyers. Can you see me for a minute or two this evening? Ellen.” *[Folds it, puts it in envelope, is about to address it, when she suddenly stops, listens, repeats]* “Rouge gagne! Rouge gagne!” *[Hurriedly addresses the envelope, then listens, repeats]* “Rouge gagne!” *[Hurriedly rises, goes quickly to cabinet, unlocks it, takes out a little leather satchel.]* “Rouge gagne!” *[Opens the satchel, puts her hand in, pulls out notes and gold.]* “Rouge gagne!”

*Waiter.* *[Enters announcing.]* Madame Marigny.

*Enter MADAME MARIGNY, a stylish Monte Carlo dressmaker. ELLEN puts the satchel back in cabinet and shuts it.*

*Ellen.* *[To Waiter, who is going off.]* Will you please take that note to Mr. Leversage, numéro quatre-vingt sept.

*[Giving letter to Waiter, who takes it. Exit Waiter.]*

*Madame M.* Madame wished me to see the dress ?

*Ellen.* Yes. [*Displaying her dress.*] How does it suit me?

[*Showing herself to MADAME MARIGNY, who regards her critically.*

*Madame M.* Madame looks perfect.

*Ellen.* I'm not madame. I told you that.

*Madame M.* I beg mam'selle's pardon. Mam'selle looks perfect.

*Ellen.* Do I? Do I?

*Madame M.* Perfect! There is no more to say. I have brought the other materials. Will mam'selle please to see them?

*Ellen.* Yes, show them to me. [*MADAME MARIGNY goes to lower door, left, and beckons.*] I want you to make me a very handsome morning gown. [*An Assistant enters with rolls of silk materials in wrappers.*] You've just made one for a young lady in this hotel—a Miss Dent?

*Madame M.* A pale mauve?

*Ellen.* Yes, I want it made in that style, only handsomer——

*Madame M.* I have no materials here for morning gowns. [*Makes a sign to Assistant, who opens the wrappers.*] These are for the new evening gown and the opera cloak that mam'selle spoke of——

*Ellen.* Yes—let me see. [*The Assistant unrolls some rolls of handsome silks of different colours and patterns.* ALAN LEVERPAGE, in evening dress, appears on the veranda outside.] Yes, that is very beautiful! [*Sees ALAN.*] Mr. Leversage!

*Alan.* [*Entering, regarding the silk which the Assistant has unfolded.*] By Jove, that's stunning!

*Ellen.* Do you like it? [*To the Assistant.*] Will you please hold that against me so that this gentleman can see the effect? [*The Assistant does so.*] Do you think that would be pretty for an evening dress?

[*To ALAN.*

*Alan.* Looks uncommonly well. [*Points to another one.*] I say—that's gorgeous, isn't it?



*Ellen.* Which do you like best? Please hold that against me too.

[*The Assistant and MADAME hold the silks close to ELLEN, one on each side.*

*Ellen.* [*To ALAN.*] Well? Which do you prefer?

*Alan.* [*Points to a third.*] By Jove, that's very striking——

*Ellen.* Do you like that? Please hold that one against me. [*The Assistant does so.*] Well? Which is it to be?

*Alan.* That's the jolliest I think.

*Ellen.* [*To MADAME MARIGNY.*] I'll have an evening dress of that—that will make up very well?

[*Pointing to the most striking of the three.*

*Madame M.* If mam'selle will permit me, I think this will be too—too—you call it flashy—for a dress for mam'selle——

*Ellen.* [*To ALAN.*] But you like that one best, don't you?

*Alan.* It is something of a startler, isn't it? That one is quieter. [*Indicating the other.*

*Ellen.* You think that would suit me better? [*To MADAME MARIGNY.*] I'll have a dress of that.

[*Pointing to the more subdued one.*

*Madame M.* And if mam'selle will permit me, this will make a very beautiful cloak.

[*Pointing to the most gorgeous one.*

*Ellen.* Yes—[*Looks anxiously at ALAN for his opinion.*] What do you think of that for a cloak?

*Alan.* Suit you awfully I should think.

*Ellen.* Make me a cloak of that, madame.

*Madame M.* Thank you, mam'selle.

*Alan.* [*To ELLEN.*] I got your note. Is it anything important?

*Ellen.* [*Smiling.*] Yes—very important. Madame, please take these away quickly! And I'll come to you in the morning to talk over the style.

*Madame M.* Thank you very much, mam'selle.

[*The Assistant and MADAME MARIGNY*

*hastily gather up the materials and wrappers.*

*Ellen.* I won twenty louis for you the other night, madame. I'm sure red is going to win to-night. Shall I put a louis on for you?

*Madame M.* If mam'selle will be so kind. It is very cruel of the tables—they will not permit us poor town people to lose our money.

*[She is taking out her purse to give ELLEN a louis.]*

*Ellen.* No, don't give me the louis. Pay me to-morrow if I lose. But I'm sure I shall win to-night. "Rouge gagne! Rouge gagne!"

*Madame M.* Mam'selle will win, I am sure. Bon soir, mam'selle.

*Ellen.* Bon soir.

*Madame M.* Bon soir, m'sieu.

*Alan.* Bon soir, madame.

*[The Assistant has gathered up the silks and wraps and has gone off, lower door, left. MADAME MARIGNY follows her off.]*

*Ellen.* I'm glad you like the dresses——

*Alan.* Awfully. But I've no right to choose your dresses.

*Ellen.* *[Looks at him with grave, tender reproach.]* No, you've no right to choose my dresses. *[Suddenly.]* You're thinking I ought to have remembered that before asking your opinion—you're thinking I was immodest?

*Alan.* No, but——

*[Turns away from her and flings himself moodily into chair.]*

*Ellen.* *[Goes to him.]* Are you angry with me?

*Alan.* Not with you, but I am with everybody and everything else in this beastly world—especially myself.

*Ellen.* Alan—— You didn't ask what my good news was.

*Alan.* I think I know.

*Ellen.* [*Shakes her head.*] I'm sure you don't.

*Alan.* Tell me.

*Ellen.* [*Has taken up the four or five papers which came in her second letter; she now takes them to him triumphantly with some misgiving, watching his face to see the effect.*] There! The receipts from the people who were worrying you for money.

*Alan.* [*Takes papers, glances at them, shows annoyance.*] Of course! It's thundering good of you, but you oughtn't to have done it.

*Ellen.* [*Her face has fallen.*] I oughtn't to have done it?

*Alan.* It won't do, you know.

*Ellen.* Why not? Nobody will ever know except my lawyers. You didn't guess the other day why I was asking you all about your creditors and tradespeople. You thought I was doing it out of mere sympathy. Well, as soon as I got their names I wrote to my lawyers and told them to get all the particulars as if they were acting for you. When I got the amounts, I sent the money, they paid the bills, and there's an end of your worries. Why have I done wrong?

*Alan.* When the post was brought in just now, Lady Mary was there. The first thing I opened was a letter of thanks from that blackguard Samuelson, who has been bullying my life out of me. Naturally I was puzzled; and we talked it over and came to the conclusion that it was you who had paid him.

*Ellen.* Is Lady Mary angry with me?

*Alan.* Not exactly angry, but—she's coming to see you about it.

*Ellen.* I'm sorry if I've offended her. But at least Samuelson won't bully you any more.

*Alan.* No, but—you don't seem to understand——

*Ellen.* What?

*Alan.* I can't take your money.

*Ellen.* You can't take my money? You took some

thing that money can't buy! How can money count between you and me after that?! [*Sees she has made him angry, and ashamed goes to him. Going to him very humbly.*] Forgive me, I was wrong to remind you. You know you're welcome.

*Alan.* Am I? [*Looking into her face.*] Am I welcome, Nell, am I?

[*Coming towards her, tries to embrace her.*

*Ellen.* [*Starts away.*] No, please! No, please! [*He turns away offended; she comes towards him again humbly.*] Alan, I didn't mean to repulse you, but—it's you who don't understand now!

*Alan.* Don't understand what?!

*Ellen.* I'm not yours! I'm not yours—yet! You'll have to win me all over again! For I'm not won. I didn't know. The past is nothing! And when you seem to claim me as if it were your right, it's like an insult. It is an insult. [*She sees she has offended him.*] No, I don't mean that! Of course I'm yours, and you're welcome to all I have, and all I am—only—dear, if you wished to lift me right above all the queens that ever lived just to be your slave, you would try to flatter me a little and make me feel that I'm worth the winning. Am I worth the winning, Alan?

*Alan.* I believe you're the best and truest woman that ever breathed.

*Ellen.* Ah!

*Alan.* And I'm a beastly cur for having treated you as I have done! But all the same I'm not cad enough to hang upon you and squeeze your little fortune out of you——

*Ellen.* Oh, but take it! Do take it!

*Alan.* No. I couldn't. Unless——

*Ellen.* Unless? Unless?

[*A knock is heard at lower door, left. ELLEN goes to it and opens it. LADY MARY is there in evening dress.*

*Lady M.* May I come in?



*Ellen.* Oh yes——

*Lady M.* I want to have a little talk with both of you. [*Looking round.*] These French walls and doors are so thin. Who are your neighbours?

[*Glancing at upper door, left.*]

*Ellen.* [*Pointing to upper door, left.*] That is my room. Mr. Harry Golding is on that side.

[*Indicating the door, right*]

*Lady M.* I saw him in the hall as I came through. We shan't be disturbed. May I sit down?

*Ellen.* Certainly.

*Lady M.* [*Sits.*] Now, my dear Alan, my dear Miss Farndon, I want you both to realize your position towards each other.

*Ellen.* Yes——

*Lady M.* Don't think I'm interfering for the love of it. But I've no child of my own. Alan is almost my only near relation. And we've so many English friends here that all his actions and friendships are canvassed freely. [*To ELLEN.*] Alan tells me you've been doing a most generous action. Is that so? You don't speak?

*Ellen.* I've paid his most pressing debts.

*Lady M.* It was very kind, but he cannot accept your gift. His family can't allow him to accept it. Now wouldn't it be better for you to let me know the amount and we will repay you? And then I'm sure it will be wisest for you to go back to England.

*Ellen.* [*Watching ALAN.*] I will do just what he thinks best, what will make him happiest. I won't take back the money. I've paid his debts. He must still owe that to me. But if he wishes never to see me again, it shall be so. You won't have any trouble in getting rid of me. Alan? [*Appealing to him.*]

*Alan.* [*To LADY MARY.*] What am I to do? She loves me, and you see what sacrifices she has made for me. I want to do the right thing by everybody.

*Lady M.* My dear Alan, you surely do not con-

template—now let us have a thorough understanding.  
[To ELLEN.] Alan has still some thousands of pounds of debts.

*Ellen.* I'll pay them.

*Lady M.* [Shows surprise, pauses.] And then? He has extravagant tastes and no means of earning money. What is your future to be?

*Ellen.* When I've paid his debts I believe I shall still have some thousands left.

*Lady M.* [Shows surprise.] Indeed!

*Ellen.* And then, if he wishes to marry me, you won't stop him from keeping his promise?

*Lady M.* His promise?!

*Ellen.* He did promise to marry me. Of course that doesn't count now—it was before——

*Lady M.* Alan, did you promise?

*Alan.* [Lamely.] No—at least—— [To ELLEN.] Did I?

*Ellen.* [Looks at him.] No.

*Alan.* Yes, I did, I did! [To LADY MARY.] That will show you what a hound I've been to her.

*Lady M.* Oh!

*Ellen.* [To ALAN.] Take back your promise. I won't force myself upon you. But [turning to LADY MARY] if he wishes, you won't persuade him against me? If I were drowning you wouldn't push me over the side of the boat. You'd help to save me. I'm trying to get back into the boat. Don't push me over, Lady Mary!

*Lady M.* [Much affected.] I won't push you over, dear. [Kisses her forehead.] But this will need thinking and talking over. You say when Alan's debts are all paid you will still have some thousands left?

*Ellen.* Yes.

*Lady M.* How much?

*Ellen.* I can't tell exactly. It will be quite ten thousand pounds—perhaps more—perhaps twenty.

*Lady M.* [Surprised, impressed.] As much as that?!

*Ellen.* Yes. The estate isn't settled yet.

*Lady M.* Alan, have you anything to do to-night?

*Alan.* I promised Harry Golding I'd go down to the rooms. Poor old chap! He has been frightfully hard hit.

*Lady M.* Then you'd better keep out of his company, or you may catch it. Come with me and we'll talk this matter over.

*Ellen.* Lady Mary, my father is leaving for England to-night. He's going to bring my mother out to me. If I could send her a word of hope, it would mean so much to her. Can you let me know before he starts?

*Lady M.* [*After a little consideration.*] You shall hear from me to-night. Come, Alan.

[*Going towards lower door, left.*]

*Enter on veranda at back RYVES and HARRY GOLDING, a handsome boy about twenty-two, bitter, defiant, excited, and considerably flushed with drink.*

*Harry.* Good evening, Miss Farndon. May I come in?

*Ellen.* Oh yes, Mr. Golding. Good evening, Mr. Ryves. Come in.

HARRY and RYVES enter.

*Harry.* Good evening, Lady Mary.

*Lady M.* Good evening, Harry.

*Harry.* Are you going to the rooms, Miss Farndon?

*Ellen.* No—I—think not. Why?

*Harry.* I'm going to make a big coup to-night! I'm going to break the bank, or the bank's going to break me——

*Lady M.* Harry, come to my sitting-room for a few minutes——

*Harry.* [*Shakes his head at her cunningly.*] No, thank you, Lady Mary. If I allow you to corner me in your sitting-room, what happens? You begin to

moralize, and talk about my poor old mother. Now my mother is best woman on face of this earth; but when a fellow is going under, why drag in his poor old mother? I've broken her heart. I know that. Very well. That's all right. What's the use of moralizing about it? Eh, old man? [*Appealing to RYVES.*

*Ryves.* Not a bit, Harry. I've wasted all my life in moralizing.

*Harry.* Well then, drop it. Only makes everybody uncomfor'able. Miss Farndon, I came to ask you not to come to the rooms to-night.

*Ellen.* [*Anxious, a little alarmed as LADY MARY is listening.*] Very well, Mr. Golding. Why not?

*Harry.* You always bring me bad luck. When you're near me I always lose. When I'm near you, you always win. Haven't you noticed that?

*Ellen.* [*Glancing at LADY MARY with some alarm.*] No—I only stake such small sums—it's not worth speaking about.

*Harry.* [*To LADY MARY, points to ELLEN.*] She's the lucky one. I'm the unlucky one. [*To ELLEN.*] I've brought you all your luck. I'm your guardian angel, you know, and you're my——

*Ellen.* Hush, please. You know I would bring you luck if I could.

*Harry.* You can't. And if you come to the rooms to-night, I shall lose my coup. So you'll keep away won't you?

*Ellen.* Yes, of course.

*Harry.* That's a promise. Thank you. Well? Will anybody give me a tip?

*Ellen.* Rouge gagne, perhaps——

*Harry.* "Rouge gagne," thanks. I shall go just opposite to what you say. Rouge perd. Well, shake hands! You've brought me frightful luck, but no ill-feeling, eh? No ill-feeling against anybody on face of this earth——

*Lady M.* Harry, come and rest in my room before you go down.



*Harry.* No, I'm going to make my coup. Good night everybody. [*Going off at veranda.*]

*Ellen.* [*Impulsively.*] Mr. Golding!

*Harry.* [*Turns at back.*] Well?

*Ellen.* I feel sure rouge will gagne to-night.

*Harry.* No—rouge perd! I'm your guardian angel, and when in doubt remember what I say. [*Very solemnly.*] Rouge perd! Rouge perd!

[*Exit at veranda.*]

*Lady M.* Poor boy! I must write to his people and get them to send somebody out to him. Now, Alan, we'll talk over this other matter. Go to my sitting-room. I'll come there in a moment.

*Alan.* [*To ELLEN.*] I'm awfully obliged to you. I shall take her advice. I only want to do the right thing by everybody, especially by you.

[*Shakes ELLEN'S hand and exit, lower door, left.*]

*Ryves.* I'm in the way?

*Lady M.* No. I want to say just one word to Miss Farndon. I'm sure you'll say it too. [*To ELLEN.*] I've heard in the hotel that you've been winning at the tables.

*Ellen.* [*A little confused.*] Yes—a little—nothing that matters.

*Lady M.* My dear, it matters much to you with your small fortune.

*Ellen.* But everybody plays here.

*Lady M.* [*Firmly.*] You must not. Please remember that if you wish me to help you.

*Ellen.* You will help me?

*Lady M.* Yes. On the distinct understanding that you don't risk any of your fortune. Is that a bargain?

*Ellen.* Yes. I won't risk anything of consequence.

*Lady M.* Risk nothing. Not a single five-franc piece. [*Kisses her, goes to door, left, and is going off, turns.*] You're sure you haven't been playing heavily?

*Ellen.* [*Laughs uneasily.*] No! No more than I can afford.

*Lady M.* [*Looks at her gravely.*] I'll come back by-and-by. [*Exit, upper door, left.*]

*Ellen.* [*Watches LADY MARY off stealthily, then creeps up to RYVES.*] You won't tell Lady Mary?

*Ryves.* No.

*Ellen.* Why do you look so bitter and contemptuous?

*Ryves.* I'm neither bitter nor contemptuous towards you; only sorry. You're still winning?

*Ellen.* Yes—I don't win always. Some days I lose—sometimes heavily. But I plunge and plunge, and I always get it back, and—you won't breathe a word of this?

*Ryves.* No.

*Ellen.* I've won six thousand pounds. It's down at the bank. Is it you who bring me luck? [*RYVES laughs contemptuously.*] You don't believe in luck? I can't help feeling there is something in what that boy said just now, about his bringing me good luck, and my bringing him bad luck.

[*RYVES laughs again.*]

*Ryves.* [*In a cheery, commonplace, matter-of-fact tone.*] Good evening.

*Ellen.* Have I offended you?

*Ryves.* No. [*Offering hand.*] I'm forgetting what I came about. I want to pay what Douce Kennet borrowed from you.

*Ellen.* How did you know?

*Ryves.* I saw her speaking to you in the rooms [*taking out his purse*], and you took out your purse. How much?

*Ellen.* Five louis.

*Ryves.* [*Giving her a French bank-note.*] There it is. Yes, please, I insist. Don't lend her any more. You're doing her a great unkindness.

*Ellen.* Very well.

*Ryves.* Good night.

[*He saunters very slowly to back. Ellen's face lights up, her lips move in a whisper,*

"Rouge gagne! Rouge gagne!" *She goes stealthily to cabinet, unlocks it, and takes out the satchel again. RYVES has turned round at back. She turns round and sees him watching her; with sudden alarm she replaces the satchel; then recovers her self-possession and takes it out again, relocks the cabinet. He has meantime come down to her.*

*Ellen.* My father is going to England by the midnight train. I'm going to give him the money for his journey.

*Ryves.* And then you're going to the rooms to play?

*Ellen.* [Boldly.] Yes!

*Ryves.* After your promise to Lady Mary not to risk anything?!

*Ellen.* I'm not risking. [Confidently.] I know I shall win!

*Ryves.* After your promise to Harry Golding not to go to the rooms?

*Ellen.* I promised I wouldn't come while he was playing. By this he will have made his coup and won or lost. You don't believe in luck! You think there's nothing in it. Watch if what I say comes true! If that boy has played on rouge perd he has lost! If I play on rouge gagne I shall win! Stay here and put it to the test! Rouge gagne! Rouge gagne!

[Exit at back. RYVES watches her off, sighs, laughs, takes up a book, looks again anxiously after her, drops into armchair, right of table, begins to read. A timid knock at lower door, left; he looks up; the knock is repeated rather louder, then still louder. The door opens, DOUCE peeps in and does not at first see him; comes in, then catches sight of him, starts, utters a little scream, and goes back to door.]

Ryves. [*Calls out sternly.*] Come here! I want to speak to you!

Douce. [*Advances timidly, watches him anxiously.*] Well?

Ryves. [*Sternly.*] Sit down.

Douce. No. I'm in a hurry. [*Is turning to go.*]

Ryves. [*Bangs the table.*] Sit down!

Douce. [*Defiantly.*] This isn't your room——

Ryves. [*Bangs the table louder.*] Sit down!

Douce. [*Timidly.*] Eh?

[*Sits down, evidently afraid of him.*]

Ryves. [*Pointing to her throat.*] Where's your turquoise brooch?

Douce. [*Hesitates.*] Upstairs in my bedroom.

Ryves. [*Snatches her hand.*] Where's your sapphire ring?

Douce. Upstairs in my bedroom—[*she sees he doesn't believe her, and adds circumstantially*] in my little silver jewel box.

Ryves. [*Relentlessly.*] Where's the locket that your mother lent you, containing libellous caricatures of herself and your dear father, set in diamonds?

[*She does not answer.*]

Ryves. [*Very sharply.*] Where is it?

Douce. [*Snaps him up, shouts.*] Upstairs in my bedroom! [*Recovers herself, rises, speaks with great dignity.*] Really! I never met with such impudent curiosity. I'm not wearing my jewellery to-night.

Ryves. Sit down.

Douce. No——

Ryves. [*Rises.*] Then take the consequences. But don't say I didn't warn you.

[RYVES points to the chair she has just vacated. She sits down half frightened, half defiant. He sits down.]

Ryves. Why did you come to Miss Farndon's room?

Douce. [*Sharply.*] To look for Aunt Mary. Why did you?



*Ryves.* To pay Miss Farndon the five louis you borrowed from her.

*Douce.* Eh? [*Angrily.*] Then I beg you won't have the impertinence to pay any more of my debts——

*Ryves.* I won't, unless you're a little less cheeky. You seem to forget——

*Douce.* What?

*Ryves.* Go and look up article seven nought nine of the Monaco penal code.

*Douce.* [*Mystified.*] Penal code!

*Ryves.* You aren't under easy European jurisdiction here. You're in Monaco——

*Douce.* Well? I've done nothing criminal. Have I?

*Ryves.* You know best. And if I can be of any use in getting you out of this mess——

[*Turning on his heel.*]

*Douce.* [*Stopping him.*] Mess? I'm not in any mess. At least—a—— [*Getting more frightened, calls him.*] Mr. Ryves! Mr. Ryves! [*RYVES is going off at back; he stops.*] Am I in any mess?

*Ryves.* [*Comes down to her.*] That diamond locket was your mother's property?

*Douce.* Yes.

*Ryves.* Where is it? Come! [*Bangs table.*] Facts! Facts! Facts!

*Douce.* I hate facts!

*Ryves.* [*Remorselessly.*] Never mind. Let's have a few.

*Douce.* I'll tell you everything. All went well with me till last Thursday. And then—you know I always put on thirty-five. It was you who advised me——

*Ryves.* Don't make me your accomplice, please.

*Douce.* Well, you said thirty-five was your age, and so I put on. Well, I put on, and put on, and doubled, and kept on doubling till I got up to two hundred louis. And the pig of a number never came up at all!

*Ryves.* Just like some horses. Well?

*Douce.* [*Furious.*] It's senseless to make gambling

tables like that! It's sheer, idiotic, childish tom-foolery!

*Ryves.* Well—the number never came up! What then?

*Douce.* I got very angry. I felt sure it must come up ultimately, so I went—to—to—a sort of jeweller's——

*Ryves.* Hm!

*Douce.* [*Helplessly. Draws four Monte de Piété receipts from her pocket.*] Those are the memorandums he gave me in exchange. [*Giving RYVES the papers.*

*Ryves.* [*Taking the receipts.*] Oh! This is the form of memorandum the—a—sort of jeweller gives in France?

*Douce.* What had I better do?

*Ryves.* I have forty louis of yours——

*Douce.* You?

*Ryves.* Fournieu is an old friend of mine. I got him to return the forty louis you paid for my scarf-pin. The five louis you gave me for the consumptive concierge I've just paid to Miss Farndon. Now in the halcyon days of your prosperity you made various presents to various people—a brooch to Lady Mary, and so on?

*Douce.* Yes——

*Ryves.* We must ask those friends to return your presents.

*Douce.* What? How can you suggest anything so mean?

*Ryves.* [*Looking at one of the memorandums.*] The—a—sort of jeweller seems to have advanced sixty louis on mamma's diamond locket. How do you propose to regain possession of it?

*Douce.* I don't know! I don't know! [*Launches out with fervid oratory.*] The whole system of gambling in this place stands in need of urgent revision——

*Ryves.* My dear Douce, nothing stands in need of revision on this planet, except the manners of its inhabitants. You'd better leave this in my hands——

*Douce.* [*Firmly.*] I will not take back my presents.

*Ryves.* No. I'll take them back for you.

*Douce.* I forbid you. Understand. I forbid you.

*Ryves.* Very well! Article seven nought nine.

*Douce.* Eh? [*Comes falteringly towards him.* RYVES saunters towards window.] Mr. Ryves——

*Ryves.* [*Doesn't look up.*] Well?

*Douce.* If this matter has to be arranged, I think, after your treatment of me, you ought to arrange it——

*Ryves.* That's what I offered——

*Douce.* I mean—without my sustaining any loss of dignity or character——

*Ryves.* Leave it to me.

*Douce.* You're sure that I shall retain my self-respect?

*Ryves.* Oh, quite, quite!

*Douce.* Then I will leave it to you. There is no more to be said, I think?

*Ryves.* Yes, dear. [*With great feeling.*] While you young ladies are flinging your five louis here, your ten louis there, remember that the cost of a little *récherché* dinner, the extra flounce to a dress, a bouquet that you wear for an hour and throw away, means perhaps a year's livelihood to one of those broken bits of humanity that you see scraping the vine and olive terraces outside.

*Douce.* [*Touched.*] I never thought of that! [*Walks slowly to door.*] I never thought of that! Thank you so much for reminding me.

[*Exit, lower door, left.* RYVES sits down again, takes up book, looks at his watch.

*Enter suddenly at back along veranda, from left, DR. HARFORD, an English doctor of about forty-five.*

*Harford.* C'est numéro quarante-six?

*Ryves.* Hillo, Doctor!

*Harford.* Mr. Ryves?

*Ryves.* This is forty-five. Forty-six is next door.

[*Pointing to GOLDING'S room.*] Is anything the matter?

*Harford.* You know young Harry Golding?

*Ryves.* Very well indeed——

*Harford.* He has been losing very heavily, and has just shot himself on the terrace.

*Ryves.* Good Heavens!

*Harford.* We couldn't take him through the hall of the hotel. So we're bringing him to his room this way.

[*Looking off, left, signing off.*]

*Ryves.* Is he dead?

*Harford.* No, but very seriously wounded.

*Ryves.* Fatally?

*Harford.* I can't say till I've made a thorough examination.

[*HARRY GOLDING is brought on the veranda, left, on a stretcher by four men; two or three waiters, a guest or two, and the proprietor of the hotel following.*]

*Harford.* [*To the bearers.*] Doucement! Très doucement!

[*The procession passes off along veranda, right; HARFORD is following.*]

*Ryves.* Can I do anything?

*Harford.* No—yes—stay here a moment. If I want you I'll send in for you.

[*Exit along veranda, right. RYVES stands at window looking off, right.*]

Enter ELLEN, lower door, left, flushed with triumph, her satchel in her hand.

*Ellen.* Well?! What did I tell you? Rouge gagné! [*Taking out a handful of notes.*] I was sure of it! And I've just seen Lady Mary—and—I may tell you—she has given her consent to my engagement to Alan!

*Ryves.* Has she?

*Ellen.* Yes, if my fortune reaches ten thousand pounds. And it will! It will! Is anything the matter?



[RYVES *has been coming down right side with a grave, calm face ; he has gradually got to door, right, draws aside the curtains, and stands there listening.*

*Ryves.* No.

*Ellen.* Then congratulate me ! Isn't it foolish of me to be so excited ? But I can't help it ! Congratulate me !  
[*He is still standing at door, right, listening.*] What's the matter ?

*Ryves.* Nothing.

*Ellen.* Then congratulate me ! [Looks at him.

MR. FARNDON *enters, lower door, left, in great coat, etc., as if for a journey. RYVES moves the curtains, away from door, right, then steals up to window again, looks off, right.*

*Mr. F.* Father Raymond is waiting. I haven't a moment to lose.

*Ellen.* Father ! Lady Mary has consented to my engagement to Alan ! Congratulate me !

*Mr. F.* I do, dear, with all my heart. God bless you ! What shall I tell your mother ?

*Ellen.* Tell her that I—[*Stops suddenly.*] You won't tell her I'm gambling ?

*Mr. F.* Not if you say not——

*Ellen.* Not for the world ! Not for the world ! Tell her I'm engaged to Alan—no, I want to tell her that myself—let her think there's just a little hope—and keep it for a great happy surprise when she gets here.

*Mr. F.* Very well, dear.

*Ellen.* And my darling Alan—you shall bring him too.

*Mr. F.* Very well, dear.

*Ellen.* No. Alan and Lady Mary wouldn't wish it.

*Mr. F.* They needn't know. He could stay with nurse at our old hotel.

*Ellen.* Yes—bring him—no, father, no. Oh, how I

long to see him! Better not—no, leave him! Now you must go. A thousand kisses and my best love to my mother! Ten thousand kisses and my better love than my best to my darling Alan. Buy them— [*pressing a note into his hand*] buy them something, buy them everything! I'm so happy!

*Mr. F.* Good-bye, dear!

*Ellen.* Good-bye! Good-bye! [*Hugging him—exit MR. FARNDON, lower door, left. She accompanies him to the door, waves her hand to him.*] Good-bye! good-bye! [*RYVES has been standing at back; comes down to door, right again; listens. ELLEN comes back from door, flings herself on settee, hysterically.*] I'm so happy! I'm so happy!

CURTAIN.

(*Three weeks pass.*)



## ACT IV.

SCENE : *Same as Act III. Time : late afternoon.*

*Enter Waiter, lower door, left, showing in*  
LADY MARY.

*Lady Mary. [Glancing round].* "



MISS FARNDON is not here—

*Waiter. [Goes to upper room, left; taps.]*  
She was here four or five minutes ago.  
*[Taps again.]* She has gone to the Casino.  
She will come back just in a little moment.

*Lady M.* I'll wait.

*Waiter.* Bien, madame.

*[As Waiter goes off, lower door, left, RYVES*  
*strolls on to veranda from right.]*

*Lady M.* Cyril—*[he comes just inside the room]* I  
want you a moment.

*Ryves.* Well?

*Lady M.* My suspicions were right. This girl is  
gambling, and is losing heavily.

*Ryves.* Is she? I'm sorry. How do you know?

*Lady M.* The Framptons watched her last night.  
She lost three hundred louis; went out and fetched  
some more; lost that; fetched some more, and lost  
that. Altogether they saw her lose nearly a thousand  
pounds. I told you she was gambling.

*Ryves.* Yes. I knew she was.

*Lady M.* You knew? Cyril! You tried to lull my  
suspicions.

*Ryves.* I'd given her my promise. I couldn't tell you.

*Lady M.* How long have you known that she gambled?

*Ryves.* From the evening after she came here.

*Lady M.* And you didn't warn me! You saw her regaining her influence over Alan; you saw her working upon me, and winning my sympathy against my better judgment; you saw me trying to hush up her story and arrange this impossible marriage—and all the time you've been in her confidence!

*Ryves.* If you'd been in my place you would have acted as I've done.

*Lady M.* What?! helped her to deceive my old friends?!

*Ryves.* I've not helped her to deceive. I've merely kept silence to you, and begged her not to marry Alan.

*Lady M.* Not to marry him?! What do you mean? Cyril, surely you aren't infatuated with her yourself?

*Ryves.* Infatuated?! No; but if Providence hadn't hit me this blow in the dark——[*Clapping his hand on his leg.*] What's the use of talking?!

*Lady M.* [*Puts her hand very tenderly on his shoulder.*] Cyril, I'm so sorry I spoke.

*Ryves.* Infatuated?! [*Chuckles.*] No, but she does interest me.

*Lady M.* But you must see that it would be a fatal mistake for her to marry Alan.

*Ryves.* Yes; she's much too good for him.

*Lady M.* Too good for him?!

*Ryves.* Well, isn't she? Hush!

*Enter ELLEN at back. She is haggard, and has a strange look in her eyes; she puts on a forced smile when she sees LADY MARY, and goes up to her very cordially, offering her hand.*

*Ellen.* Ah, Lady Mary, I was coming to see you. I've asked Alan to dine with me——



*Lady M.* I've something to say to you. [*ELLEN glances sharply at RYVES.*] You know how very reluctantly I gave my consent to a provisional engagement between you and Alan.

*Ellen.* Well?

*Lady M.* I find that you've been deceiving me throughout. I find that your fortune, whatever it may be, has been made by gambling. The money that you sent to pay Alan's debts was won by gambling, was it not?

*Ellen.* Yes. But I did pay them, didn't I? It was I who paid them, not his relatives.

*Lady M.* We should have arranged to pay them. I'm sure you've acted from very generous motives to him, but so far as I am concerned there must be an end to your engagement to Alan.

*Ellen.* Does Alan know?

*Lady M.* He knows about your gambling.

*Ellen.* Does he know you're going to cut me?

*Lady M.* He knows that I have no choice.

*Ellen.* But if he decides to continue his engagement to me against your wishes?

*Lady M.* Alan is his own master, and must choose for himself. But I must do what I think is my duty to him. [*She is going off, lower door, left.*]

*Ellen.* [*Goes to her entreatingly.*] Don't make me out to be quite bad—I'm not—and I love him so much.

*Lady M.* [*Very tenderly.*] I won't do or say anything that is unkind or unjust to you. I will only tell Alan the truth as I see it and feel it, and then leave him to judge for himself.

*Ellen.* Thank you.

*Lady M.* Are you coming, Cyril?

*Ryves.* Not for a moment.

*Lady M.* [*To ELLEN.*] I'm very sorry for you—  
[*Exit, lower door, left.*]

*Ellen.* [*Watches LADY MARY off, turns to RYVES.*] You won't turn against me?

*Ryves.* No. Tell me—you've been losing heavily?

*Ellen.* [*After a little hesitation.*] No—a little—nothing that I cannot easily get back.

*Ryves.* Ah, don't deceive me!

*Ellen.* What do you know?

*Ryves.* I heard Rogers, the manager of the Bank, speaking to a group of men that I know. I caught your name and I joined them.

*Ellen.* What did he say?

*Ryves.* That a week or two ago you had eight thousand pounds lodged with him; and that now you'd lost it all.

*Ellen.* I've not lost it all.

*Ryves.* Well, that you'd drawn out the last six hundred pounds this afternoon. Is that true?

*Ellen.* Yes.

*Ryves.* How much have you left now?

*Ellen.* Why, what does it matter? [*Going to cabinet.*]

*Ryves.* How much have you left now?

*Ellen.* Four hundred pounds.

[*Going to cabinet; he stops her*]

*Ryves.* Stay—give me a few minutes first.

*Ellen.* No. I'm losing time. You know my mother reached Marseilles last night. She's resting there till she feels strong enough to come on. At any moment I may get a telegram from my father to say they're coming. I can't meet her till I've won some of it back——

*Ryves.* You may meet her utterly ruined——

*Ellen.* No. I shall get it all back. I know I shall. Don't you remember I told you "*Rouge gagne*" that night, the night that Harry Golding shot himself? I knew he would lose. And he did!

*Ryves.* Yes—[*Still stopping her.*] Come away from that——

*Ellen.* No—I know it will be rouge perd——

*Ryves.* You know?!

*Ellen.* This afternoon, all the time I was staking on rouge gagne—I heard Harry Golding saying to me

"Rouge perd! Rouge perd!" Oh, what a fool I was not to listen!

*Ryves.* To Harry Golding?

*Ellen.* Yes. That's why I'm sure I'm going to win now.

*Ryves.* Why?

*Ellen.* You'll laugh at me?

*Ryves.* No.

[*She glances sharply at him to scan his features.*]

*Ellen.* You know he said that night I brought him bad luck, and begged me not to go to the rooms——

*Ryves.* And you promised you wouldn't!

*Ellen.* Don't remind me of that! You don't know what I felt when I heard that he'd shot himself! I felt that I'd killed him! I had a terrible three or four days while his life was hanging in the balance—half-a-dozen times in the night I used to creep out of my bed across to that door [*pointing right*] and listen and pray, and listen and pray, pray, pray, that he might recover. Well, you see he did! Oh, what a relief it was to me when you told me the doctor said he was out of danger.

*Ryves.* Go on——

*Ellen.* He did recover! I felt it all hung together——

*Ryves.* What?!

*Ellen.* His life and all my fortune. Don't you remember he said he was my guardian angel! Well, it's true! You may laugh at it and call it an omen, but it's true!

*Ryves.* What is true?

*Ellen.* If Harry Golding had died, I should have lost everything. While he's alive I feel, I know, I can't lose, I must win in the end!

*Ryves.* You believe that? While Harry Golding is alive you must win?

*Ellen.* I'm sure of it?

*Ryves.* When did you last hear from him?

*Ellen.* The day before yesterday. He wrote from Aix-les-Bains in splendid spirits. He said he was still my guardian angel, and was bringing me luck from a distance.

*Ryves.* I heard this morning.

*Ellen.* From Harry?

*Ryves.* No, from his mother.

*Ellen.* Why didn't you tell me?

*Ryves.* I knew you were reproaching yourself for having been the cause of his mad deed, and that you would grieve to know——

*Ellen.* What?

*Ryves.* He has had a relapse. The doctors ordered him to keep his bed. He disobeyed, went out, hemorrhage has set in—and——

*Ellen.* He's not dead?

*Ryves.* No. But he's in great danger.

*Ellen.* No—no—he won't die. You think he'll recover, don't you? He must—all my prayers can't have been in vain. If he dies, I shall lose everything. And I've lost so much, and my mother is coming—perhaps she'll be here to-night—I can't meet her with bad news—I'll—I'll—I'm not losing my nerve, am I? I won't!

*[She goes with great determination to cabinet.]*

*Ryves.* Ah, no. *[Intercepting her.]* Listen to me. You don't know what a false world you are living in! It isn't real at all, this world of signs and omens! How can I open your eyes? You've only a few hundreds left! You're mad to risk it! You must in the long run lose all. You must bring yourself and those you love to poverty. And yet you jump from sign to sign, from omen to omen; you clutch at something that tipsy boy said—you reproach yourself with having caused his ruin! It's all a dream! It's a mirage! Chance doesn't guide! Chance doesn't rule! Chance only plays the smallest part in this world! It's our own actions, our own characters that count and weigh, and carry us to our end. Oh, do



believe me! Do believe me! Give up the idea of marrying this man; he's unworthy of you; he has already deserted you and your child. Give him up, go back to England with your friends, take up your life there and live for your child. I'll help you to the utmost of my powers. You'll gradually win your way back to happiness and respect. Do listen to me! I'm like the old sibyls! You'll have to buy my wisdom at last! You'll have to pay a heavier price each offer! Buy it now before it's too late. You will?

*Ellen.* [*Has become calmer.*] How kind you are! How good you've been all through! I wonder why Alan's nature isn't like yours?

*Ryves.* You'll do as I ask you?

*Ellen.* No. Don't blame me. Don't think me foolish. All you say is true; perhaps there is no such thing as luck; I don't know, I must go on——

[*Going towards cabinet.*]

*Ryves.* Promise me one thing.

*Ellen.* Well?

*Ryves.* You have four hundred pounds left in there.

*Ellen.* Yes.

*Ryves.* You'll leave yourself at least two hundred—remember your father and mother are dependent on you. You'll only stake the half?

*Ellen.* [*After a pause of reflection, in a calm voice.*] I'll only stake the two hundred pounds. [*Gives him her hand; he shakes it in sign of a compact.* ALAN LEVERSAGE appears on the veranda, right, just glances in, and is sauntering by. She sees him—her face lights up.] Mr. Leversage—— [*ALAN comes in at window. RYVES is going off, lower door, left.*] Mr. Ryves, I must know about Harry. Telegraph to his mother and get the latest news, will you?

*Ryves.* Yes. Only the half? [*Pointing to cabinet.*]

*Ellen.* Only the half. [*Exit RYVES, lower door, left. Goes up to ALAN, looks at him keenly.*] Lady Mary has been speaking to you about me?

*Alan.* Yes.

*Ellen.* What has she said?

*Alan.* Well, of course she's fearfully upset.

*Ellen.* About me?

*Alan.* Yes. And I must say I think she's right.

*Ellen.* Ah! She is right to be fearfully upset about me! And you—are you fearfully upset?

*Alan.* She insists that our engagement—if we may so call it—must be broken off.

*Ellen.* And you—do you insist that our engagement—if we may so call it—must be broken off?

*Alan.* Well—I must tell you that people are beginning to talk about you.

*Ellen.* What do they say?

*Alan.* Well—they say—they say—that——

*Ellen.* They say?! They say?! Can they say anything worse of me than this—that I loved a man with all my heart and soul; that I gave him all under a promise of marriage which he broke—which he broke and left me. And then I would give him all again, and again, and again; that he accepted me and broke his promise again; and then that I—oh, Alan! you don't mean to break your promise again? You don't mean to leave me?

*Alan.* No—no—of course not—only——

*Ellen.* Only—what?

*Alan.* You don't seem to realize what a fearfully awkward position I'm placed in.

*Ellen.* Tell me——

*Alan.* Well, Lady Mary insists——

*Ellen.* But you—do you insist? You're a man! You're your own master! Do *you* insist?

*Alan.* You may depend I shall do the right thing by you——

*Ellen.* [*Very fiercely.*] Yes, yes—the right thing? What is the right thing? Is it marriage?

*Alan.* Well, of course, if you're going to take this tone—— [*He is sneaking away.*]

*Ellen.* [*With sudden repentance.*] No, no, Alan, I

didn't mean it. I know you won't break your word a second time. Don't go away! Come! Let's talk it over—[*Draws him into the room again.*] Now! Lady Mary insists, but you don't. You'll keep your word to me?

*Alan.* Yes—so far as it's possible.

*Ellen.* So far as it's possible?

*Alan.* It's no good our marrying without a penny, is it?

*Ellen.* No. It's only the money, then?

*Alan.* You've been losing very heavily, haven't you?

*Ellen.* [*Glances at him keenly.*] I did lose very heavily—last week. But I'm getting it back.

*Alan.* You're getting it back?

*Ellen.* [*Gaining courage.*] Yes. By to-night I shall have won it all back.

*Alan.* You know Lady Mary said the least sum on which it would be possible for us to marry was ten thousand pounds.

*Ellen.* Well? If I get that, you'll keep your promise?

*Alan.* Well—of course——

*Ellen.* You won't? You won't? [*He turns away.*] Some day perhaps you'll know the value of a woman's whole heart and devotion—you'll know the value of what I offered and you refused.

*Alan.* Nell—Nell, I'm a brute—— [*Clasping her.*]

*Ellen.* Let me go. Oh, I've knelt in the dust to you, and you have kicked me aside——

[*Struggling to go.*]

*Alan.* No, no. If it can be arranged—I will keep my promise to you.

*Ellen.* You mean that? [*He nods; she goes to cabinet.*] Don't watch me—don't follow me. Sit down. There's the paper. [*Going to cabinet. ALAN sits down and takes up newspaper.*] You're not to look at me! You're not to ask questions. [*She opens the cabinet, takes out a new large gold-bag, opens it,*

takes out a bundle of ten French bank-notes for five hundred francs each—counts them. He glances round at her.] Turn your head!

[*He does so. She counts the notes, puts five of them in the bag—puts the other five in the cabinet, locks up the cabinet, puts key in her pocket; takes bag in her hand.*

Alan. Nell—[*Rising.*] For Heaven's sake, don't lose your little fortune over me. I'm not worth it——

Ellen. Yes, you are to me—and to Alan! [*Going to window.*] I have your promise! [*He nods.*] I trust you!

[*Exit ELLEN at window, and off, left. ALAN makes an angry, impatient movement; shows perplexity and irritation.*

RYVES enters hastily, lower door, left, with a telegram in his hand.

Ryves. Miss Farndon——?

Alan. She's gone across to the tables—— [RYVES is going off, left.] Ryves——

Ryves. Well?

Alan. [*Comes up to him.*] You know my position with regard to Miss Farndon?

Ryves. No, I don't. Do you?

Alan. Well, the last four weeks there has been a tacit engagement between us. But Aunt Mary has found out that she's been gambling and deceiving us; and that she has lost what little fortune she had. So the whole thing becomes impossible.

Ryves. What then?

Alan. Well, the whole thing becomes impossible. Don't you think so?

Ryves. Utterly impossible, as it always has been.

Alan. But she's hoping for it still; and there's the



child and—I don't want to behave like a black-guard——

*Ryves.* My dear Alan, we none of us want to behave like a blackguard. The question is, whether we do.

*Alan.* Hang it, Cyril, you needn't round on a poor devil when he's trying to find out some way of—of getting back to the straight path.

*Ryves.* I won't. Tell me your exact position.

*Alan.* Well, Aunt Mary says the thing is impossible—I feel it's impossible—you say it's impossible—but, poor girl, she's clinging to it—and you know I did give her my word.

*Ryves.* Do you love her? If you do marry her, can you be faithful to her? Will you do your best to make her happy?

*Alan.* My dear Cyril, I'm up to my eyes in debt. And even if she did pull me out for the time——

*Ryves.* You'd go and get into debt again.

*Alan.* I don't know about that. But frankly, I don't see myself living in a six-roomed villa on three hundred a year. Do you?

*Ryves.* No.

*Alan.* Well then, the question is, what's to be done? I believe Sylvia Dent is really attached to me——

*Ryves.* Yes?

*Alan.* And with her fortune she could pull me out of the hole without feeling it. And if I were free, I'm sure I could make her a good husband. Now you see my position. What am I to do?

*Ryves.* [*Stands a few moments in perplexity.*] If you want to give this poor girl here some chance of happiness by-and-by, when she has forgotten all about you and buried this cursed present—yes, I say it, thinking of her future, not of yours—I say, for her sake, leave her, break your solemn word to her, get out of her way once and for all, and let her forget you if she can.

*Alan.* I wish there was some other way.

*Ryves.* I wish to God there was!

*Alan.* But Aunt Mary's convinced there's nothing else to be done. She wants to consult you about the best way of managing it. Will you come to her?

*Ryves.* [*Glancing at the telegram in his hand.*] Yes—in a few minutes.

*Alan.* You know I did struggle against the temptation at first—I mean two years ago. I'd actually accepted an invitation for a yachting trip to get out of her way. If I'd only——

*Ryves.* If! [*Exit ALAN, lower door, left. RYVES looks at the telegram in his hand, reads it. ELLEN enters impetuously at window; her face is set with desperation; she has her keys in her hand, and goes straight to the cabinet; RYVES intercepts her.*] You've lost?

*Ellen.* Yes——

[*Trying to get to the cabinet to unlock it.*]

*Ryves.* No——

*Ellen.* Let me be—keep out of my way.

*Ryves.* Remember your promise. You said you'd risk only the half.

*Ellen.* I know I shall win! I must! Black came up four times running just after I'd lost all the other! If you hadn't persuaded me to leave this here, I should have had it there to play, and I should have won all back. It was you who stopped me——

*Ryves.* Listen to me! I claim your promise! Your solemn promise. Are you mad?

*Ellen.* [*Struggling with him and trying to get key in lock.*] Yes! Yes, I am mad! Let me be, I say! Keep out of my way! Do you hear? It's mine, and I will do as I please with it! I will!

[*Forces him away, unlocks the cabinet, takes out the five bank-notes.*]

*Ryves.* Miss Farndon, one moment, before you risk all for nothing. Alan Leversage has just left me. Even if you win it will be all in vain.

*Ellen.* What do you mean ?

*Ryves.* He will not marry you !

*Ellen.* But I have his word—he gave it to me a few moments ago—his solemn word.

*Ryves.* He'll break it.

*Ellen.* I don't believe it. Let me go !

*Ryves.* Ah, won't you listen to me ? I tell you it's all in vain.

*Ellen.* No, no ; I must win it back. I will, and then Alan shall, he shall keep his word to me. Let me go. [*Shaking him off.*] Why do you keep me here when the moments are so precious ? I tell you I can't lose while Harry Golding is alive——

[*He seizes her wrist, looks straight in her face, smiles at her.*]

*Ellen.* Why do you smile at me like that ? [*He gives her the telegram. She reads it—her whole face and manner show that she has received a great blow. The telegram drops from her hands.*] Dead ! Poor Harry dead ! Then all my prayers have been in vain ! Dead ! [*She stands rigid and motionless.*] All my prayers are in vain. [*He watches her for a few seconds. Then he steals up to her, puts his hand sympathizingly on hers, and tries gently to take the notes from her.*] No—no——

*Ryves.* Give me the money—let me take care of it for you——

*Ellen.* [*Her face tightening with determination.*] No—no—let me be.

*Ryves.* You won't dare to stake now.

*Ellen.* Yes. Yes. You say there's no such thing as luck. Very well, then, I may win that way. If there is luck, or Providence, or anything that hears me—[*breathing a prayer*]—put some thought in my head. Harry ! Harry ! If you are my guardian angel, tell me, tell me—[*listening*] “Rouge perd,” “Rouge perd,” “Rouge perd.” [*She is going off at back.*]

*Ryves.* Miss Farndon ! [*Heading her off, turns her down stage.*] You shan't go ! Stop, I say !

*Ellen.* [*Firmly.*] Let me be! I will go! I shan't lose! I can't! I won't! [*Setting her teeth.*] I will win! I will! I will! I will win! I will! I will! I will!

[*Goes off, repeating it, grinding it in a low voice between her teeth, with desperate determination. RYVES makes a gesture of helplessness, picks up the telegram she has dropped.*]

*Enter* LADY MARY, lower door, left, looking off as she enters.

*Lady M.* Cyril——

[*RYVES comes to her; she is still looking after ELLEN.*]

*Ryves.* What?

*Lady M.* [*Looking after ELLEN.*] I met Miss Farn-  
don in the passage just now, and began to speak to  
her, but she didn't hear me. She only stared at me  
and rushed on. She won't do anything desperate——

*Ryves.* I hope not—I think not. But I won't let  
her get out of my sight—— [*Going towards door, left.*]

*Lady M.* Come and let me know. Bring her to my  
sitting-room. I want to talk this over with her and  
arrange something. It must be settled to-night, be-  
cause we leave for Paris to-morrow.

*Ryves.* You leave to-morrow—who?

*Lady M.* All of us. I've written fully to Mrs. Dent  
and told her frankly of this affair, so that they can't  
say afterwards that I hid the truth from them about  
Alan.

*Ryves.* Then Alan is going to marry Miss Dent?

*Lady M.* Nothing is fixed. If he behaves himself  
it may be arranged. Don't you think I'm doing my  
duty to him?

*Ryves.* Perhaps—I daresay. [*Going off, left.*]

*Lady M.* Cyril, we must settle something for Miss  
Farndon?



*Ryves.* Yes, I suppose—unless she settles something for herself.

*Lady M.* [*Alarmed.*] Cyril!

*Ryves.* I'll run over to the rooms and see what she's doing——

*Lady M.* Do—and let me know. [*Exit RYVES at window at back. LADY MARY comes down stage and is going off, lower door, left. MR. FARNDON in overcoat and travelling hat in hand is shown in by Waiter.*] Mr. Farndon——

*Mr. F.* How do you do, my lady? I expected my daughter to meet me at the station. I sent her a telegram to say we were coming by this train. Do you know if she's quite well?

*Lady M.* Yes, I think.

*Mr. F.* And she still has these rooms?

*Lady M.* Yes. She was here a few minutes ago.

[*Going off lower door, left.*]

*Mr. F.* My lady [*LADY MARY stops.*—if you don't mind my asking—How are matters between her and Mr. Leversage? [*LADY MARY does not reply.*] There's something wrong? You'll tell me the truth, my lady? I must know it, because I've got to break it to her mother.

*Lady M.* Her mother?

*Mr. F.* I've brought her mother out with me—and the child.

*Lady M.* Where are they?

*Mr. F.* They've shown them into Ellen's room—there. [*Indicating upper door, left.*] It will be best for me to know the truth, my lady.

*Lady M.* Yes, perhaps it will.

*Waiter enters, lower door, left, with an opened telegram in his hand.*

*Waiter.* Pardon, m'sieu. Here is the telegram. It is for Mam'selle Farndon, numéro quarante-cinq. It was sent to numéro cent quarante-cinq. It stay

there all the afternoon. The m'sieu come in ; he find the telegram ; he open it ; he see it not for him—it is the telegram you ask for ?

*Mr. F.* [*Having looked at the telegram.*] Yes. This explains why my daughter didn't meet me. Thank you.

[*Exit Waiter, lower door, left.*]

*Mr. F.* Now, my lady ?

*Lady M.* I hope Mrs. Farndon is better ?

*Mr. F.* Yes—a great deal better, thank you. She has picked up wonderfully the few days we've been down here in the sun.

*Lady M.* Miss Farndon told me that her mother was trusting that Alan would marry her. Is that so ?

*Mr. F.* Yes. At least the last few weeks, since I've been at home and we've talked it over, we've got to see that there are two sides to the question. Of course we should like to see Ellen married and the past hushed up, but if you'll excuse me for saying so, I've come to the opinion that there's no great chance of happiness for her with your nephew.

*Lady M.* Does Mrs. Farndon think that too ?

*Mr. F.* She has made it a matter of prayer, my lady. And whatever happens, we shall both say, "It is well."

*Lady M.* You're right. I'm sure Miss Farndon would not be happy with Alan. He's very deeply in debt, and then—I fear you will have to learn that your daughter's position is very much changed since you left —

*Mr. F.* Changed ?

*Lady M.* She has been losing heavily at the tables.

*Mr. F.* Heavily ? Not much ? ! Not all !

*Lady M.* I hope she has saved something. And perhaps her fortune may turn even now. But in any case we could not consent to the marriage.

*Mr. F.* I told her she must lose all !

*Lady M.* She has not yet lost all. But if the worst should come——

*Mr. F.* The worst?

*Lady M.* You'll learn to bear it. If Mrs. Faradon is delicate, wouldn't it be wise to prepare her for the news?

*Mr. F.* Yes. I'll break it to her.

*Lady M.* And, whatever happens, you will both say "It is well"?

[*Holding out her hand cordially to him.*

*Mr. F.* [*Shaking hands.*] Yes, my lady.

*Lady M.* I'll come in by-and-by and we will consult what is best to be done. [*Exit lower door, left.*

*Mr. F.* It is well! It is well!

[*Exit upper door, left. The door closes gently behind him. A pause. It has grown darker and the twilight is advancing quickly. ELLEN enters at back, slowly, hopelessly; goes with a leaden, mechanical step to the chair right of table, and sits there staring in front of her—pause—a knock at lower door, left. She does not answer. The knock is repeated. The door opens, and MADAME MARIGNY'S Assistant, who has displayed the draperies in the second act, enters with a large box.*

*Assistant.* Bon jour, madame. The cloak for madame. [*Pause. ELLEN looks up and stares at her, makes a little sign to put it down. Opening the box.*] I have attended to madame's instructions. The cloak will certainly fit madame now. [*She draws the cloak out of the box, a gorgeous damask satin of the material which ELLEN has chosen in the third act. Pause. Assistant looks at ELLEN.*] Madame would like to try it on?

*Ellen.* [*Looks at her as if she has scarcely understood.*] No.

[*Pause. Assistant looks at ELLEN, places cloak on chair.*

*Assistant.* Madame is ill?

*Ellen.* No.

[*The Assistant looks at ELLEN sympathetically for a moment, makes a step towards her. ELLEN takes no notice. The Assistant goes off noiselessly with the box, lower door, left. Pause.*]

*Sylvia.* [*Passes along the balcony, calls out.*] Mr. Leversage! Mamma wants to know if you'll dine with us at the Paris to-night.

[*ELLEN sits upright, listens, goes to window at back, looks off; stays there a moment, comes back to the chair where the cloak is left; takes it up and looks at it, smiles very bitterly. At that moment, in the garden, SYLVIA'S voice is heard.*]

*Sylvia.* No! No! As Lady Mary says you really are impossible!

[*ELLEN listens. ALAN and SYLVIA are heard laughing together. ELLEN listens, drops the cloak, bursts into a jeering, mocking repetition of the laugh outside; then goes to table again, drops into chair left of table. The mocking Italian song of the previous act; her head drops on the table, her arms spread out on the table. She stays there motionless; it gets a little darker; RYVES comes on through window at back; comes up to her, touches her hand; she looks up.*]

*Ryves.* [*Looking into her face.*] All lost? [*She nods.*] I've been following you. Lady Mary was afraid you'd do something desperate. You won't?

*Ellen.* No. She needn't be afraid. I haven't the courage for that.

*Ryves.* You'll bear up like a brave woman and face the future?

*Ellen.* The future?

*Ryves.* There was the money you sent to pay Alan's debts; altogether about fifteen hundred pounds, wasn't it?



*Ellen.* I can't take it!

*Ryves.* You must! There are others dependent upon you, your child and your mother——

*Ellen.* My mother!

*Ryves.* You must take it for their sakes. Let me say one word. Look at me! Things have gone hard with me too! Many times I've felt as you are feeling now, that I couldn't bear it, that I must end it! And then I've set my teeth like this, and said, "I will bear it! What? Is this all? Well, I can bear it! What? More? And more? Well, I can bear it still! I will bear it! I am bearing it! I have borne it! It is past!" Set your teeth and say that!

*Ellen.* [*Setting her teeth.*] I can bear it! I will bear it! It is past.

*Ryves.* I've been maimed too. We haven't all the worst of it, those of us who are maimed. We shudder when the hot iron comes blistering into us. We wince, but it gives us a chance of showing our mettle, and we get a taste of life that happy people never get. Look at me again. You and I can say that we have suffered. That is to say we have lived!

[*He holds out his hand. She seizes it.*]

*Ellen.* Yes! We have lived!

[*They stand looking courageously into each other's eyes for some moments.*]

*Enter MR. FARNDON, upper door, left.*

*Ellen.* Father! You are here? [*Kisses him.*] And you didn't let me know?!

*Mr. F.* Yes, dear, but my telegram wasn't delivered.

[*Giving her the telegram.*]

*Ellen.* [*Having glanced at it.*] My mother?

*Mr. F.* [*Pointing to the door.*] There.

*Ellen.* I have some terrible news for you.

*Mr. F.* I know. Lady Mary has told me you've been losing. And that he won't marry you. Well, dear, don't fret! It may be for the best. I've broken it to her, and she has just said, "God's will be done!"

*Ellen.* She knows! and she can bear it?

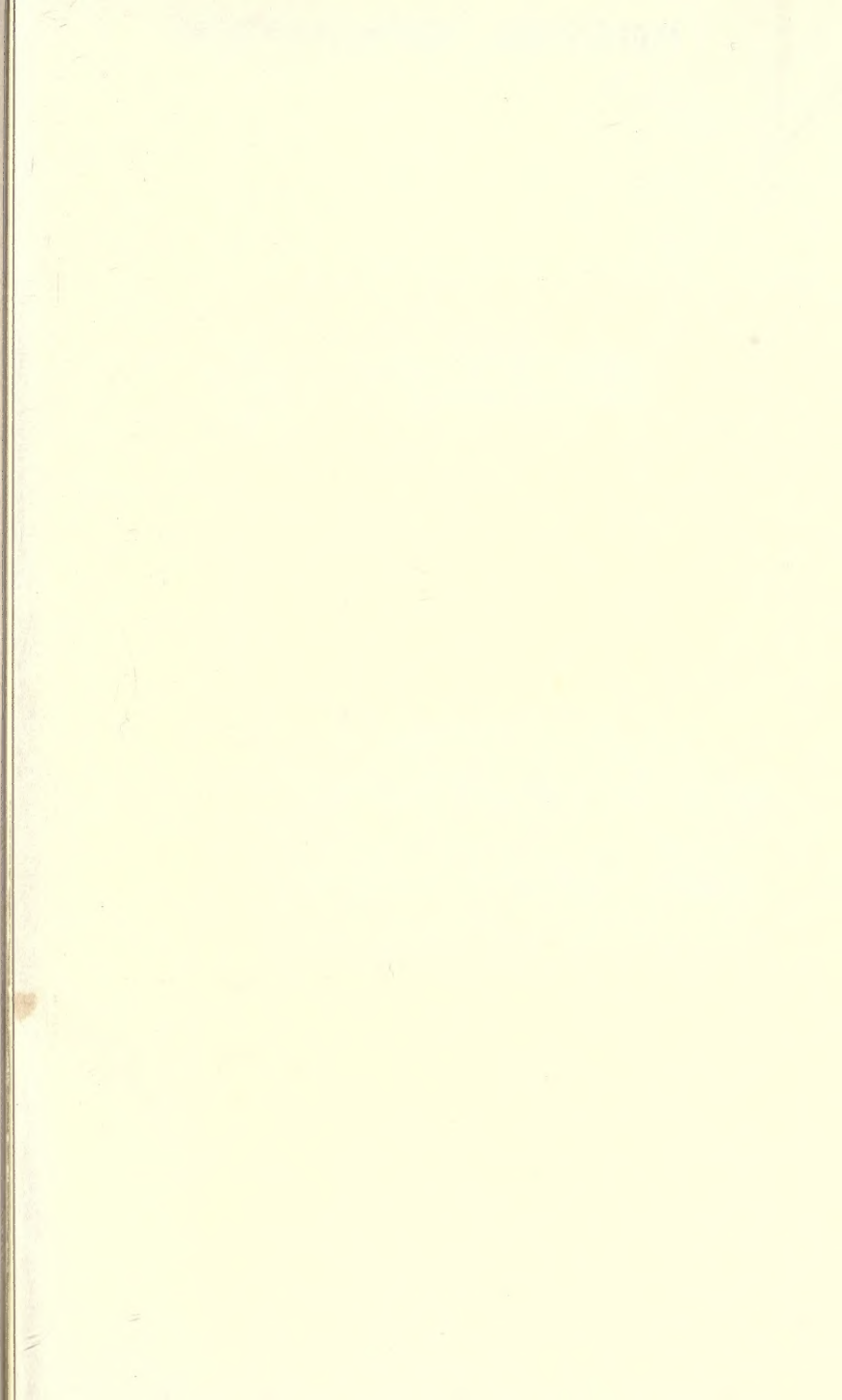
*Mr. F.* Yes, dear. She is much stronger the last few weeks. She's longing to see you. [*ELLEN is going off, upper door, left.*] And, Ellen, you won't be angry with us. We have brought someone else——

*Ellen.* Someone else? [*With a frantic cry.*] Alan! There?!

[*He nods, and she rushes off, upper door, left. After a moment, hysterical laughter and sobbing is heard off. MR. FARNDON listens, goes off, upper door, left. The hysterical sobs and laughter continue. RYVES moves a step nearer towards door, and glances in; his face kindles with hope and joy.*]

CURTAIN.

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Chance, the idol

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